

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. I.

## THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

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### I.

#### THE OLD SIGN, "TRAFFORD & TAZWELL."

THAT was the name of the firm, lettered on the broad sign over the door, and Toby Trafford was the boy who stood gazing ruefully at it from the opposite side of the village street.

The man in the blue frock-coat, with a pink in the buttonhole, who stopped to speak with him, was Mr. Frank Allerton, the new schoolmaster at Lakesend.

"The old sign could stand a new coat of paint as well as not,—is that what you are thinking?" he asked. And without waiting for Toby to reply, he added, "Trafford is your uncle, I believe?"

"Oh! no, Mr. Allerton!" Toby faltered a little as he added, "My father."

"Indeed! I think I've never seen him about the store,—have I?" said the schoolmaster, with a curious downward glance at the boy's changing countenance.

"No, sir; probably not," said Toby through close lips.

"Ah! I see! A silent partner, perhaps?"

"Yes, sir,—that is,—"

The boy winked hard, and held his quivering lips closer still for a moment. His father was in the saddest sense of the word a silent partner, and had been for two years. "He is dead," he added, resolutely, after a pause.

"Oh! I sincerely beg your pardon, Tobias!"

There was a painful pause in the conversation, during which Mr. Frank Allerton, a man not above thirty, but slightly bald, lifted his hat and arranged a little mat of thin blond hair combed up carefully from the sides of his head to cover a bare spot on the crown. He was always arranging that funny little twist, in school or out, in church and house and street, often to the amusement of the boys and girls who took note of the unconscious habit. Toby himself had often made fun of it. But he did not feel at all like making fun of it now.

"I was n't aware, I assure you!" Mr. Allerton gave the precious knot a final pat with his palm, under the uplifted hat, before covering himself. "I've been so short a time in the

place, you know. Your father was formerly in business here, I infer?"

"Yes, sir. He and Mr. Tazwell were partners for many years. The business is still carried on with his name."

The pupil he had thought indifferent to his studies and careless of the serious duties of life, was certainly capable of some feeling.

A subject had been touched that Toby had longed to talk about with somebody besides his mother; and it occurred to him that here perhaps was a chance to get some good advice.

"It has been expected that I should go into the store when I am sixteen; and I shall be sixteen next month," he said. "But I hate the store!"

"That 's a little strange," replied Mr. Frank Allerton. "A store is generally thought an attractive opening by boys of your age."

"Yes; I know many a farmer's son who thinks it would be a fine thing to stand behind a counter, with white hands and a clean collar, and smile at the girls, and do up parcels. If I had been brought up to milk cows and dig potatoes, I suppose I should think so too."

"And what is there about it that you es-

pecially dislike?" the teacher inquired.

"I suppose the truth is, I don't care to settle down to any business at all," Toby confessed. "Anyhow, I hate confinement, and the store is like a prison."

"Would you like a farmer's life? There 's nothing very confining about that." Toby shook his head. "Or one of the professions? Come," said the master, "let's take a stroll down by the lake, and talk this matter over."

His tone and manner, as they walked on together, were so kind and sympathetic that a



"TOBY TRAFFORD WAS THE BOY WHO STOOD GAZING RUEFULLY AT THE SIGN."

"That fact must have a peculiar interest for you?" remarked the schoolmaster, watching the boy's face with deepening sympathy.

"More perhaps than you think," said Toby, with a troubled smile. "I 've got to make up my mind about keeping the name on that sign; it won't be repainted till I do."

"How so?" Mr. Allerton inquired, saying to himself at the same time, as he watched Toby's working features,— "There 's a great deal more to this boy than I ever supposed, from merely seeing him in school."

warm glow kindled in Toby's heart. It was now his turn to reflect:

"He 's something besides the ridiculous dandy we fellows have imagined him; there 's a good heart buttoned under that blue frock-coat." And he blushed to think of the nickname the scholars had given him.

"Old Topknot!" he repeated to himself. "Well! there 's more sense under that little wisp of hair than in all our foolish pates put together."

Teacher and pupil were soon on excellent terms; and Toby told his troubles freely.

No, he would not like one of the professions; too much study was required in preparing for them.

"I see your difficulty," said Mr. Allerton. "You are like most boys. They want the good things of life without paying the price for them; they forget that work itself, the struggle for success, the satisfaction of accomplishing something, the employment of our faculties: that these, too, are the good things of life,—the best things, I sometimes think! One likes to have an easy time for a few years, and then take a man's place in society, having an income and influence, without earning them by honest endeavor. That 's the case with the most of us. How is it with you, Toby?"

"It is my case precisely! I should think you had known me all my life," said Toby. "I don't think I 'm a very lazy boy. But I like a good time and hate anything that interferes with it. I know it is wrong; I know I 've got to settle down to something soon. Nearly all the property my father left was in his business,—in the store and the bank; it is there yet, waiting for me to work into his place, and keep the name on that old sign."

"Then why not do it? Was it his wish?" the teacher inquired.

"Yes, it was always the talk that Tom Tazwell and I should go in with our fathers, before anybody dreamed that my father would—"

Toby hesitated again. He could never speak of his father's death, even after so long a time, without painful emotions.

"I am glad you have such tender memories of him," said the schoolmaster.

"I never knew what a father he was, while

he was alive," replied Toby. "Then, how I missed him! I dream of him now sometimes. He talks to me in his old way,—so good and kind!" he added, with dimming eyes.

The schoolmaster hardly knew what to say, feeling as we all feel sometimes, in the presence of grief too sacred to be intruded upon by commonplace words.

After a little while Toby went on.

"I miss his advice so much! But I never seemed to care for it when he was alive, and I am afraid I should n't follow it even now."

"Maybe not," said the teacher, "since you know what his wishes were, and yet can not make up your mind to act accordingly."

This argument struck the boy forcibly.

"I suppose I shall have to come to it," he said. "But though I never cared for school, the thought of leaving it makes me feel how foolishly I have been wasting my time all along, and how little education I shall come out with!"

They had reached the lake, and were standing on the pebbly beach which the bright ripples washed. It was an afternoon in May; the apple-trees in the village orchards were still in pink and white bloom, while the ground under the pear-trees was sprinkled with the snow of fallen blossoms. All along the shore were gardens and farms and open fields, and, in the distance, high wooded banks, behind which the sun was going down.

The two remained silent for a few moments, watching the reddening tints of the western sky reflected in the water, beneath the mass of black pines; then Mr. Allerton resumed:

"I 've an idea, Toby. I 'm not one of those teachers who seem to think it their duty to drive every boy through a course of Latin and Greek and mathematics, whether he likes it or not. But even if you think of going into business, or becoming a farmer or a mechanic, a certain amount of education is necessary, for your own satisfaction, as well as for success in life. You 've been a year in the High School,—can't you keep on a year or two longer, and enter the store a little later if you mean to enter it at all? Just wake up to the real use and meaning of study, and I guarantee you 'll never regret it, whatever work you do afterward!"

He spoke with enthusiasm, and at the same

time gave Toby an inspiring tap on the shoulder. The boy's heart beat with renewed courage and ambition. He was about to reply; but just then the appearance of a young fellow coming

stylish hunting-jacket, and carried an empty game-bag. A good-sized dog trotted by his side.

The dog was as noticeable as the boy. He belonged to some shaggy species, which it was not easy to determine, he was so fantastically shorn. He was closely clipped, from a huge ruffle of hair about his neck to an enormous tuft on his tail, which looked at a distance like a stick with a bad hat on it.

"How are ye, Tom?" said Toby.

The tall boy gave him an insolent stare as he passed, and divided between him and the schoolmaster a puff of smoke from a short pipe, which he took from his mouth.

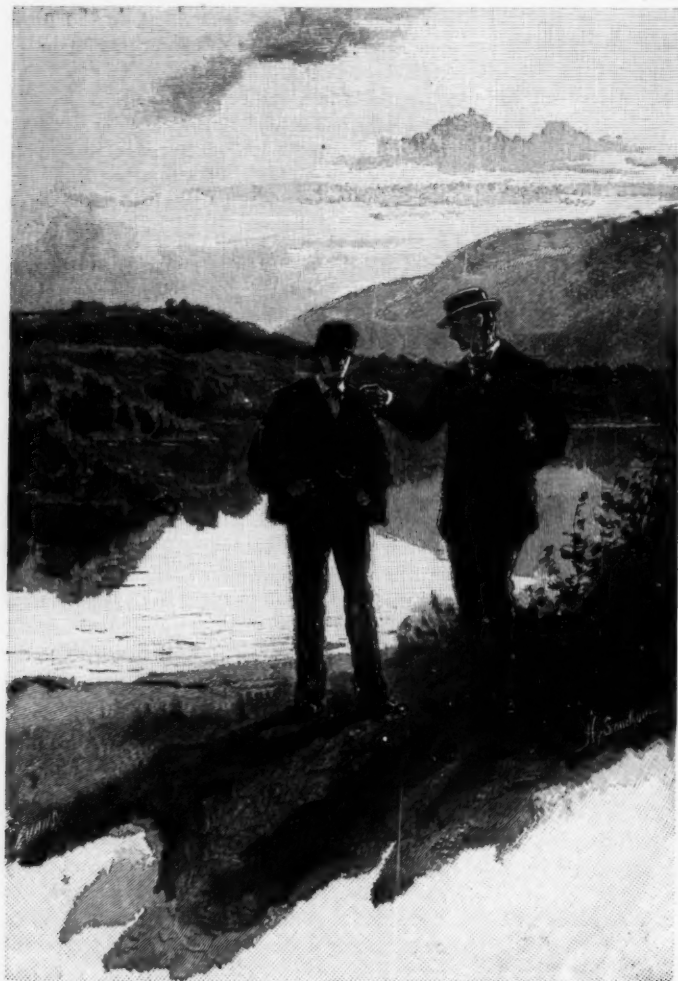
"Is n't that young Tazwell?" the teacher inquired, after he had passed.

"Yes, that 's Tom,—Tom all over!" said Toby, with a mortified air.

"The boy who was to go into the store with you? He 's wanting in one very important qualification, I should say, if he was to be my partner."

"What 's that?"

"Politeness," said Mr. Allerton, following



"HE GAVE TOBY AN INSPIRING TAP ON THE SHOULDER."

along the shore, with a dog and a gun, put a stop to the conversation.

## II.

### THE BOY WITH THE GUN.

He might have been a year or two older than Toby. He was quite tall; he wore a

the figure of the young hunter with an indignant look.

"Tom does make a fool of himself sometimes," Toby replied, blushing for his friend. "I don't see what makes him. Our fathers being partners, we have been about as intimate as any two boys you ever saw. And yet, when



he meets me in company, he will often put on airs and treat me—as you saw him.”

“That’s an abominable trait in an acquaintance,” said Mr. Allerton. “What right has he to set himself above you?”

“I don’t know of any, unless it is that his folks are a little more stylish than mine, live in a finer house, and indulge him in some things which mine have never thought good for me,” said Toby.

“Is he in the store?”

“No; he has always said he would wait and go in with me.”

“Then why is n’t he at school?” the master inquired.

“And there’s another thing,” said Toby. “His folks have always felt, and of course have made him feel, that he was too good to go to a public school, with common people’s children. So he goes to a private school, when he goes at all; which is when he feels like it, and the weather is fine. He could never quite forgive me for not going with him; and that’s perhaps one reason why he feels above me.”

Meanwhile the smoke had been seen, and the report heard, of Tom Tazwell’s gun, a short distance up the lake; and the dog had made a dash into the water, in which he swam around with his shaggy head and tail showing like two balls of dark wool above the surface.

“That’s just like Tom, to fire and send his dog in, just as if he had killed something! But there was n’t anything; I’ve been watching,” laughed Toby.

“He seems to be coming back now; I think I’ll take a little walk the other way,” said Mr. Allerton, with a smile. “That’s your house, I believe, on the short street running down to the water?”

“Yes,” replied Toby. “Won’t you come home with me? Mother will be glad to make your acquaintance.”

“Not this evening, thank you.” And giving the mat of hair under his hat a little caress, the schoolmaster walked briskly away.

Toby was sauntering homeward, lost in thought, with his head down, when by a glance from under his cap front, he saw approaching Tom Tazwell and his dog.

Remembering the recent affront, Toby re-

solved to resent it, and turned aside up the bank to avoid another encounter.

“Hallo! What’s the row? Where you bound?” Tom called after him, in the friendliest manner. “Come down here, won’t you? and have some fun firing at a mark. We’ll set this tin can afloat on a chip, and see which will knock it off with a bullet.”

“I’ve something else to think of just now,” Toby replied sulkily,—although the tin can on a chip was a temptation.

“What’s come over you?” cried Tom. “Come, Toby! I’ve plenty of cartridges.”

“I’ll tell you what has come over me!” said Toby, turning and confronting him. “You may as well know that I’m not going to put up with this sort of thing any longer!”

“What sort of thing?” Tom demanded, staring with real or feigned surprise.

“Why, this, if you care to know!” exclaimed the indignant Toby,—“looking down on me so pompously one day, and then making friends with me the next; or all in the same day, or even in the same hour, as you’ve done just now!”

“Hey? Blest if I know what you’re talking about!” replied Tom, with a foolish sort of smile at Toby’s flushing face and earnest manner.

“Then it’s time you did know, and I am going to tell you,” said Toby. “At the reunion the other night, when I spoke to you in the presence of some girls and asked you a question, instead of answering like a friend, or even a gentleman, you looked straight over my head and merely muttered ‘H’m!’ just as if I had been some impudent fellow claiming your acquaintance.”

“Oh, Toby! you’re too sensitive. I don’t believe I did that,” Tom feebly remonstrated.

“You know you did,” said Toby. “And the same thing at the cattle-fair, last autumn. Once when I came up to you, what did you do but coolly turn your back and walk off with your nose in the air, never giving me a look of recognition the whole day? Why was that?”

“Why, you know, Toby,” the accused one stammered guiltily, “I’m awfully absent-minded sometimes.”

“Very well! I don’t like that sort of absent-mindedness in anybody I call a friend; and I

wish you to understand that if I'm not good enough to be treated civilly by you at one time, I can dispense with your palaver at another time," said Toby, turning to go.

"See here, Toby!" Tom called after him. "What's the use of our misunderstanding each other?"

"I don't see any use," Toby replied. "I'd like to be friends with you, if we can be friends all the time, and not by fits and starts, just when you happen to take a notion. I know I'm not such a swell as you are, and I don't try to be."

"I don't know just what you mean," said Tom. "But now we're talking rather frankly to each other, let me say—may I, Toby?"

"Say whatever you please," Toby answered, wondering what was coming.

"I've wanted to tell you for some time, for your own good," said Tom, with ill-concealed spite.

"Out of pure benevolence?" laughed Toby.

"Well, be benevolent, and go on."

"It's about your personal appearance," continued Tom. "You are never up with the times, Toby. Always a little below par."

"Oh! that is it?" said Toby. "I am not *nobby* enough, as you fellows say, to be recognized by you in society! Don't I dress decently?"

"That is n't the question," Tom replied. "Take that necktie, for instance."

"What's the matter with the necktie?" Toby desired to know. "It was a present from Mildred; and I thought it a very pretty one."

"Pretty enough," Tom admitted. "But pretty is n't the question. The style has all gone by. Nobody wears it now; nobody."

"I do," Toby retorted bluntly; "but perhaps I'm nobody."

"I'm talking for your own interest, though

you don't believe me," Tom continued. "You and I, Toby, ought to hold up our heads higher than ever, just at this time. After what has happened—"

"What has happened?" Toby's curiosity was roused.



"THE DOG HAD MADE A DASH INTO THE WATER."

"Don't you know? Well, it's hardly out yet. But it will be, to-morrow. The whole town will buzz with it."

"Something that concerns you and me?"

"Well, rather. But you need n't be in a hurry to hear it. Bad news can wait."

"Bad news?" queried Toby anxiously, while Tom continued to tantalize him. "Why don't you tell me, if you are going to?"

"Of course I'm going to tell you. There's my father just going away from your house now!" said Tom. "He has been to tell your mother what he said I might tell you."

And with astounding coolness he launched his little thunderbolt.

If Toby was not quite stunned by the news, it was because he was incredulous.

"It can't be!" he exclaimed.

"You'll find out!" said Tom, with a provoking nod, as he turned to go.

"But, Tom!" Toby called after him. "You would n't be out with your gun—you would n't be asking me to fire at a tin can on a chip—if such a thing as that had happened."

"Oh, well! I'm not going to let it trouble me," replied Tom. "As I said before, you and I ought to hold our heads higher than ever. I am going to!"

And, suiting the action to the word, Tom stalked away with his chin up, followed by his fantastically shorn dog.

### III.

#### THE BAD NEWS.

TOBY stood bewildered for a moment, gazing after him; then started to walk rapidly in the other direction.

The Trafford home was in an old-fashioned house standing a little back from the street, with a grassy front yard, then beginning to be green, a garden and a fruit-orchard on one side, and on the other a broad bank sloping down almost to the water. On that bank grew a solitary pine-tree, just far enough away, and tall enough, not to cast the shade of its majestic top on the roof in the afternoon, nor to intercept the view of the lake from the upper windows. Out of one of those windows a girl's bright young face was looking, as Toby hurried up from the shore, panting with haste and his burden of bad news.

"You're a pretty fellow, to keep supper waiting in this way!" the girl called out, in silvery tones, as soon as he came within hearing. "What was your quarrel with Tom Tazwell?"

"Has Tom's father just been here?" Toby asked, anxiously.

"Answer my question and I will answer yours," the silvery voice replied, with a provok-

ing laugh, from the open casement. "Was that Mr. Allerton with you before Tom came? Why, how cross you look, Toby!"

"Where's mother?" demanded Toby. And without waiting to hear her evasive reply, he pushed through the half-open gate and entered the house.

An expression of concern came over the girl's face as she withdrew from the window. A very amiable, sweet face it was, I hasten to say, lest the reader should rashly conclude, from witnessing this little scene between brother and sister, that Mildred Trafford was somewhat of a vixen. She was no more vixenish than he was quarrelsome. There was a tie of sincere affection between them, as you would quickly have discovered if ever you had spoken ill of one in the presence of the other.

But they were like many brothers and sisters, such as we have all known, but have never ourselves been, of course. Who of us ever hectored a sister or teased a brother? That was what Toby and Mildred Trafford did to each other almost every day of their lives, not from downright ill nature, for they were good-hearted children, but from early habit, which they should long since have outgrown. Mildred was a year and a half older than Toby, and he was almost sixteen.

"It is something serious," she said to herself, with a twinge of regret for the irritating words she had flung out when he turned up at her that disturbed face. What was the trouble between him and Tom? And what had been, just now, the elder Tazwell's solemn errand to their mother?

She presently went down-stairs, and found Toby, alone as she thought, seated by a window, with the sunset light from over the lake shining upon his agitated face.

"Why, Toby," she said, "what's the matter? I did n't think there was anything, when I answered you in that funning way."

"Ask *her*," said Toby, in a choked voice.

Then Mildred turned and saw, in a shadowy corner, a small dark figure that, with the western light in her eyes, she had not observed before. It was her mother, silently weeping.

"For mercy's sake, what is it?" Mildred asked, now thoroughly alarmed.

"It is nothing it will do any good to cry about," said Mrs. Trafford, resolutely drying her eyes. "We have met with a misfortune, my child. I was excited by what Mr. Tazwell had been telling me before Tobias came in. Will you tell her, Tobias?"

Toby sat silent, with gloomy brows. Mrs. Trafford drew a deep, quivering breath. Mildred turned her scared looks from one to the other, and entreated them to speak.

"You know," said Toby, "I have been thinking of going into the store along with Tom."

"Yes," replied Mildred; "only you could n't quite decide about it."

"Well," said Toby, "it has been decided for me. Some other things have been decided too. Trafford & Tazwell have failed."

"Failed?" repeated Mildred. She evidently did not understand.

"The firm is 'bankrupt,'" said Toby. "It can't pay its honest debts."

"But we are not to blame for that, are we? I am sure worse things might have happened," she replied, with a dazed look.

"That is bad enough," said Toby. "Mother never had a settlement with Mr. Tazwell. Almost everything we had was in his hands. And now, what are we going to do? What am I fit for? And mother,—she can't go to making dresses or keeping boarders. What would father say?" he went on, bitterly. "Think of its happening with his name on the old sign!"

"Does it leave us without anything?" asked Mildred in dismay.

Mrs. Trafford hoped it was not quite so bad as that. She was dressed in black, a slight, sensitive, nervous woman, with small, fine features, and bright hazel eyes that shone with spirit now that she had dried her tears. She had meant to dry them before they were seen by the children for the sake of whom they were shed.

"We own this place," said Toby.

"If it cannot be taken to pay the debts of the firm," his mother replied, "and Mr. Tazwell assures me it cannot. But he has assured me of so many things that have not turned out quite as he has said they would, I am beginning to lose confidence in him. I ought not to say it to you, children; I ought not to say it at all;

perhaps I ought not to think it. But there has been gross mismanagement—to say the least."

"How long has it been going on?" Toby demanded.

"I don't know. Never till this day has he given me a hint that the business was not flourishing," she explained. "True, it has been hard for me to get much money from him, for a year or more; I have had barely enough for our expenses as you know."

"While look at the way the Tazwells have lived!" exclaimed Toby.

"In their new house, which they have built within two years!" struck in Mildred; "while we have had to be content with our old one!" She had felt that. "Why has n't he told you what was coming?"

"Because he says he wished to spare my feelings; and because he hoped the firm might pull through."

The widow was accustomed to speak of the "firm," although Mr. Tazwell had had no partner since her husband's death. She had continued to feel that the main interest of the family was in the business which the father had built up, and which the son was expected to work into in his turn.

"He built it up," she said, "and took Thomas Tazwell into partnership,—he was only his clerk, before—and trusted him as he would a brother. In his will he left everything to me, as you know,—to be used for your benefit, of course. It was his wish that I should keep an interest in the business for you, Toby; and that I should consult Mr. Tazwell on all important matters. I have done so; and as long as we have had a comfortable income, I have been satisfied."

"What does the man say for himself?" Toby asked, impatiently.

"He says the business of the store has fallen off since the railroad was completed, instead of being helped by it as was expected. People who used to do all their trading here, now find it convenient to do a large part of it in the city. But it is the banking business that has suffered most. Your father was very cautious in that, and he always meant to keep it subordinate. But Mr. Tazwell enlarged it; and hard times and bad loans have ruined him."

"And the West Quarry bonds?" Toby asked. "That is one of the transactions that have caused me to lose confidence in Mr. Tazwell. It was by his advice that I bought them."

"From him?"

"Of course," said the widow. "That was a year and a half ago. I took them in place of money due me, on his assurance that they were perfectly good. But the interest has been paid on them only once since, and I fear they are worthless. He has promised to make good to me the final loss, if there should be any,—which he would never admit; so I have felt easy about them. But now what can I think? It is all a tangled affair. I have been very much to blame," the widow declared.

"No, Mother!" cried Mildred, dropping on a hassock beside her and clasping her hands. "How can you say that, since father advised you to be guided by Mr. Tazwell's advice? How could you know? She shall not blame herself. Shall she, Toby?"

"What's done can't be helped," said Toby, gloomily. "How about the lake-side lot?"

"That came to me like the bonds," replied the widow. "Mr. Tazwell turned over to me a mortgage, which has had to be foreclosed. So I have that unproductive piece of land. He has promised to make that good, too, but what can all such promises be worth to us now? I should have guarded your interests better!" she went on, with keen self-reproach, "but I have been as ignorant of business as a child."

"How could you be otherwise?" returned Mildred, still on her knees, holding both her mother's hands and looking up lovingly and anxiously into her face. "Toby! why don't you say something to comfort her?"

"It is for *me* to comfort *you*, my dear, good children," said the widow, her tears starting again at these words of sympathy.

"Of course, you're not to blame," Toby muttered, running his fingers fiercely through his hair,—a dark auburn, to which the western light gave a reddish tinge, as he rumbled it over his forehead. "That Tom!" he added, as if thinking aloud. "Going to hold his head higher than ever, is he? The whole family will, I suppose, for that matter."

"Don't say a word against Mrs. Tazwell, I

beg of you!" exclaimed his mother. "It is n't her doings, nor dear little Bertha's, nor Tom's."

"Think of him out gunning this very afternoon!" Toby couldn't get over that. "And telling me the news almost as if it was a joke!"

"Never mind him now," said Mildred. "I want mother to feel that she is not to be worried on our account. We can manage to live. You and I can do something, can't we, Toby?"

"My darling, darling child!" said the widow with a gush of grateful affection. Releasing one hand, she gave the beautiful young head in her lap a passionate caress. "You make me very happy!"

Toby, still grumbling and glowering over Tom's treatment of him that afternoon, had to turn his face to the window and wink away a tear. Then he rose and walked excitedly about.

"If only the business had been what we supposed it was, then I should know what I would do!" he said.

How little had he thought that he would ever regret *not* going into the store! But now it seemed to him that he had missed such a chance as might never come again.

#### IV.

##### MR. TAZWELL'S ERRAND.

AFTER a meeting of the creditors, Mr. Tazwell called again upon the widow. He was a tall man, very neatly dressed, with a decided stoop in the shoulders, and a genial, persuasive manner. He stooped still more, in the most expressive, sympathetic way, taking her passive little hand in his cordial grasp, when she received him in her small parlor.

"You did wrong," he said, "not to attend the meeting to-day."

"It would have done no good for me to be present," Mrs. Trafford replied. "I know nothing about business. And the whole thing is too distressing."

"There you are wrong again," he said, dropping his gloves in his hat, which he placed on the table. "You ought not to take it so to heart, as I said to you the other day. My dear woman!" he continued, with moist, sympathetic eyes, "it will all come out right; never fear. I made the creditors a proposition, which



will undoubtedly be accepted; if it is, the business will go on as before. Then, if I live, my dear Mrs. Trafford, everything shall be made right, to the last dollar. I wish you could have been present, if only to see how carefully I guarded your interest."

A sad, incredulous smile was her only reply.

"Although you have kept, in a certain sense, an interest in the business," he proceeded, flooding her with the sunshine of his friendliest smile, "I convinced the creditors that you are in no way responsible for the failure—"

"I should say not!" she exclaimed, with a sparkle of her bright brown eyes.

"Which was easy enough," he admitted; "and that your husband's estate should not be held liable for any of the debts. That was not so easy. But I urged the point on the grounds of humanity; and it was conceded. 'Not one, not one of you, I am sure,' I said, 'would wish to distress a poor widow.' So, in the settlement, you will be regarded simply as a creditor, not as a partner."

"I don't pretend that I understand it all," Mrs. Trafford replied. "But it does seem only just that our little inheritance should not be seized for debts incurred since my husband died, and which I have known nothing about."

"Absolutely just, Madam. Yet some of the creditors might make trouble for you, if I had not created so warm a feeling in your favor."

"I am certainly obliged to you," said the widow, wondering whether, after all, she had not done this man injustice. "You spoke of a proposition. I don't suppose I can understand it, but I should like to know what it was."

"It was this," Mr. Tazwell replied, putting the fingers of his two hands together, to help him along in his explanation; the upshot of which was, that he had offered to settle with his creditors by paying thirty cents on a dollar.

"That seems very little!" she exclaimed.

"But it is more than they could get if they should force me into bankruptcy," he smilingly argued. "I can pilot the wreck into port better than any other man; in other words, by going on with the business, I can do better for the creditors than they can do for themselves. They see that. And, my dear woman!—"

Then came out the real motive of his visit, which was, to induce her to accept his thirty cents on a dollar. He took the agreement from his pocket; however, she declined to sign it.

"Not now," she said. "I must know more about the matter first. I fear I may be wronging my children."

"I thank you for mentioning them," Mr. Tazwell blandly replied, making a tube of the paper in his delicate hands. "It brings me to a matter which I wish to speak to you about. Your son Tobias. What is he going to do?"

"I don't know! Of course, he has given up all idea of going into the store."

"Why so? You are really taking this affair too seriously, Mrs. Trafford. I shall always consider," he went on, "that you have an interest in the business, and that the son of my old partner and best friend belongs in that store. There will be a change, under the new organization. I shall have to cut down expenses by taking Thomas in;—why not have Tobias go in too? He will begin with a small salary, and end—I have no doubt—as a partner. I don't believe he can find anywhere a better opening," he concluded, making a confident gesture with his roll of paper.

This was a new surprise to the widow.

"But if the business is falling off, as you have said,—"

"I see ways of building it up again," he interrupted her. "Are you aware of the fact that Lakesend is destined to become a great summer resort? This season there will be more visitors here than ever before. They all bring business; and we propose to keep the cream of it, as we have always done. Where is Tobias? I wonder what he will say to the plan?"

Tobias was in the adjoining room, and could not help hearing a large part of this conversation; but he did not come forth to answer the visitor's question.

"So you don't feel quite ready to sign this agreement?" Mr. Tazwell remarked, as he was about to go. "I think you had better. You will be doing only what all the rest do; for unless all sign it, of course it will amount to nothing. Come, my dear woman!"

And Mrs. Trafford signed.

(To be continued.)



## THE SEQUEL.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

My rudeness, as usual, was entirely unintentional; I meant to have given him my undivided attention. But the long roll of the steamer, the soft ocean breeze, and the flapping wings of the sea-gulls must have overpowered me. At all events I slept, and heard only the sequel.

The steamer ran between Calcutta and Liverpool, and was on her return voyage. Among the passengers was Mr. Chubaiboy Mudjahoy, supposed to be an East Indian gentleman from the interior. Attracted by his quiet and intellectual face, I had become well acquainted with him, and our acquaintance had grown, during the long voyage, almost to intimacy. Upon the day of which I am speaking we had been much together. He grew communicative, and at last proposed to tell me the story of his life.

To my surprise, he said that the impression that he was an East Indian was without foundation in fact; that he came from Thibet, from an unknown district of that unexplored region.

If I remember correctly, he related a marvelous story of having entered into competition for the hand of a neighboring princess. This part, so far as I recall it, was quite in the old-fashioned fairy-tale style; and the tests required of the candidates were certainly astounding. One I remember vaguely was to bring the favorite uncut pigeon's-blood ruby from the Rajah of Camaraputta, a cruel Indian magnate.

Here it was, however, that the sea began to gently roll, the breeze to soothingly blow, and the sea-gulls to drowsily flap their limber wings. I slept some time, for when, thoroughly refreshed, I blinked hazily to waking, all I heard was:

"And so I married the Princess!"

I was sorry to have lost the story, for it was, no doubt, just the sort I like. But I did not dare to confess my doze, so I said as brightly as I could:

"And lived happily ever after!"

Mudjahoy moved uneasily and replied:

"Well, hardly. Of course I expected to; but then you know that real life is often different from what the kindly story-tellers would have it. No. I can't say we lived happily



"WHAT DOES THE CELESTIAL ORB REQUIRE?" SAID THE VIZIER. (SEE PAGE 17.)

ever after. Nor was it Dorema's fault. I have met a number of princesses, and I really can not see that my Dorema has any superiors."

"How then do you explain it?" I asked. (Of course I had to be a little cautious in my questions, for fear of bringing up references to points I had missed during my nap.)

"I'll tell you the story, if you have not heard too much already?"

"Oh, no!" I replied; "not at all too much. Pray go on."

So Mudjahoy told me the second part. I have always regretted that I heard only this sequel. I tell it in his words:

You can see that after having accomplished such a series of tasks I was sure to be respected and envied at court. We passed the honeymoon in the mountains, and as we took but a small retinue, several thousands, Dorema often spoke of the strange solitude as a delicious rest after the bustle and turmoil of court life.

For my part, even in my happiness with Do-rem-a,—she was really charming!—I found the retinue something of a bore. At home, I had never been attended by more than three or four servants, while here I had to find employment and use for a hundred times as many. It was really one of the minor nuisances of my new dignity.

If the old King had not abdicated, it would have been easier; but now all his servants were added to the new ones purchased or given as wedding-presents to me.

It was like this:

If I wished to shave in the morning in the old days, I would heat some water, strop my razor and whip up some lather, and shave away; but as a king it was very different. As a king, I had first to clap my hands. Enter a small boy in white linen. To him I intimated my desire to see one of the high officials. High official arrives, and I say: "We wish to shave our effulgent self." High official says: "Oh, very good, Most Particularly Noble Cousin of the Dog-star," and so on. Then he disappears and sends the Chamberlain to tell the Seneschal to tell the Chief Barber that his Imperial Master wishes to be shaved. Not to weary you, after some more, many more, wholly unnecessary and irritating ceremonies, behold me ready to be shaved!

I am extended at length in a chair, being lathered by the First Latherer in Waiting, while the Bowl-holder or one of his assistants stands by with the lathering mug, and is supported by the Brush Receiver. The Chief Barber sits in state, fanned by two slaves, while the Razor-Stropper Extraordinary (a very powerful and much courted personage, as expert ones are rare) is getting the razor to an edge. He also is fanned by a fan-bearer or two. The Lord-High-Wielder of the Towel, and the Bay-Rum Custodian, also with attendants, are near, and in the ante-room I hear a confused murmur of voices, showing that the Court Surgeon and Court-Plaster-Bearer are, with their retinues, within call.

It was not so much the crowd of people that annoyed me, but then it took so long to be shaved. We would begin at, say, ten o'clock,—they would n't hear of my getting up earlier!—

and frequently when the last bit of lather was removed from my royal ear, it would be half-past one in the afternoon!

I give this only as a sample part of my day. It is vividly recalled because it was one of the earliest of the inconveniences attaching to my newly acquired royalty. Of course it is only a specimen brick—there were dozens of a similar clay.

It was only after I returned to the capital and took up my residence in the palace, that I felt sufficiently at home to make an objection.

One memorable day, a Thursday, I betook myself to my dressing-room and clapped my hands thrice. The linen-wrapper boy entered. I hated the sight of him already.

"Bring us a new turban," I said shortly.

"O Brother-in-Law of the Pleiades—" said the boy in a trembling tone.

"Speak up, copper-colored child," I answered a little impatiently. "What are you afraid of?"

"O your Imperial Highestness of the Solar System, your rays need clipping!" replied the boy violently making salams.

"I was shaved yesterday," I said.

"But—" began the boy.

"By the royal Palanquin!" I broke out. "send in the Master of Ceremonies!" The boy vanished, and soon with a sound of bugles, shawms, and tubas (several out of tune, too), the Master of Ceremonies, and his retinue, came in. This took about half an hour. When they were all settled I said:

"O Master of Ceremonies and—and such things" (I forgot the proper titles for a moment), "we would hold converse with thee apart, as it were."

Again the wind instruments were wound, the brass band and retinue took its devious course along the corridors, and the music and marching gradually died away. This took about twenty minutes.

"Now that we are alone," said I to the Master of Ceremonies, "let's have a reasonable talk."

"O Nephew of—!" he began.

"Never mind the astronomy," I broke in, "but proceed to business."

"Yes, Sire," he answered in a terrible fright, no doubt expecting the bowstring.

"Don't be a fool!" said I. "I'm not going

to hurt you. Stand up and have some style about you !”

So he did, somewhat reassured.

“Now,” I said, “I’m tired of all this fuss. Bring me a razor, and I’ll shave myself.”

“But, your Serene Imperialness —”

“See here !” I said positively; “there’s not a hearer around. Just drop the titles and call me Mudjahoy or I’ll have you beheaded !”

“Well, Mudjahoy,” said the Master of Ceremonies easily. “I’m afraid that it can’t be done !”

“Can’t be done? Am I the Emperor of this place, or — what am I ?”

“Why, of course, Mudjahoy, you’re Emperor, and all that,” he answered with an ease of manner that surprised me; “but then there are a great many things to be considered.”

“Well, go on,” said I; “but I’d like to have this thing settled one way or the other. Speak freely.”

“It’s just this way,” said the Master of Ceremonies: “what would you do with the Chief Barber ?”

“Do with the Chief Barber? Why, nothing. He could do with himself.”

“But his salary is enormous.”

“Cut it down.”

“But he is a very influential man; he has dependent upon him, directly or indirectly, about twenty thousand men, and these men with their families are a



THE SHAVING OF MUDJAHOY.

powerful faction. Then, too, the officials whose duties are similar—such as the First Turban-Twister, the Sandal-Strapper and his under-

same way you could justify any foolishness whatever. You would prevent all reforms."

"Oh, no!" said the Master of Ceremonies;



"ENTER A SMALL BOY IN WHITE LINEN."

strappers, and so on—would make common cause with him. You see?"

"Yes, I see," I said thoughtfully; "but in the

"oh, no, Mudjahoy. Not reforms, but revolutions. You can very easily institute reforms;

but you must go slowly."



"AND WHERE ARE MY ADHERENTS?" I SHOUTED. "HERE!" SAID DOREMA." (SEE PAGE 18.)

"But," I objected, "you as the official in charge of ceremonies may well be prejudiced. Let us have the Grand Vizier summoned."

"That will take an hour, at least," answered the Master of Ceremonies, who really seemed a very nice fellow when you knew him well.

"Well, you slip out and get him on the sly," I answered, with an unofficial wink.

"All right, Mudjahoy," he said, and out he went whistling a popular air.

While he was gone, it occurred to me that I was now a married man, and that Dorema was certainly entitled to know of the step which I was contemplating. So, by the aid of four or five assistants, I caused her to be summoned.

She arrived a moment before the Grand Vizier made his appearance.

"I have called you, my dear Mrs. Mudjahoy—" I began, but she interrupted me.

"You must n't call me that!" she said, looking shocked.

"Why not?" I asked.

"You must say, 'my Imperial Consort,'" she replied, taking a seat upon a divan.

"Oh, no. Mrs. Mudjahoy is a pet name," I explained. She was pacified, and I proceeded: "I have called you, Mrs. Mudjahoy, to be present at the beginning of a Great Reform. I am about to make our life simpler, more enjoyable, and less burdensome in every way."

"Do you find it burdensome so soon?" she asked reproachfully, turning away her lovely head and trying to coax out a sob.

I saw I had made a mistake. "Not at all," I answered hurriedly; "but—here comes the Grand Vizier; you listen attentively, and you will soon understand it all."

The Grand Vizier entered. He seemed ill at ease, and I saw that he had a scimitar under his caftan.

"What does the Celestial Orb require of the humblest of his slaves?" said the Grand Vizier, prostrating himself.

"Oh, get up!" I said wearily. Then I asked the Master of Ceremonies to explain how the interview was to be conducted. So while Dorema and I exchanged a few tender nothings about the weather, the Master of Ceremonies explained to the Grand Vizier the nature of the conversation I had held with him that morning.

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The Grand Vizier seemed much impressed. I saw him tap his forehead inquisitively and feel for his scimitar. But the Master of Ceremonies soon reassured him. Then they turned to me.

"See here, Mudjahoy, old man," began the Vizier, with a refreshing absence of conventionality. Dorema looked horrified. She was about to clap her hands, undoubtedly to order the Vizier's instant execution, but I restrained her.

"Vizier," I said, "I do not care for ceremony, but civility is a *sine quâ non*." (That staggered him; he was weak on Latin.) "So drop the titles, but proceed carefully. Now go on."

He went on: "Mudjahoy, sire, I have been told of your contemplated reforms, and I am bound to tell you, as an honest adviser, that they will not work. You propose to dismiss the Chief Barber?"

"I do," said I firmly.

"And, I suppose, the Turban-Twister, and so on?"

"Yes."

"And to live in a simple and businesslike way?"

"I do," I replied.

"Well," said he, spinning his turban upon his forefinger and looking at it with one eye closed, "it will never do in the world—never! There was formerly an autocrat who tried to run this government on business principles, and—" he paused and sighed.

"Where is he?" I asked.

"The Garahoggy contains all that is mortal of him,—in a sack!" said the Grand Vizier meaningly.

Dorema clung to me and looked at my face imploringly.

"No matter," I said determinedly; "I shall carry out these reforms."

"You will fail," said the Master of Ceremonies, and the Grand Vizier nodded solemnly.

"So be it!" I said. "Kismet. I shall therefore request you, Grand Vizier, to give public notice of the abolition of all useless offices, of which I will give you a list after dinner."

"But consider!" said Dorema, in a low, frightened tone.

"Would you rather be the Imperial Consort Dorema, Queen and Empress of King Chubai-boy the First," I asked her proudly, "and have



to be at the beck and call of all these palace nuisances,—or would you rather be my own Mrs. Mudjahoy, free to do as you please?"

For a moment she hesitated, and I trembled. But, brightening up, she asked: "And travel *incog.*?"

"Certainly," I answered; "nay, more: live *incog.* wherever we choose!"

"I'm for Reform and Mrs. Mudjahoy," replied my lovely bride.

The Vizier and Master of Ceremonies remained respectfully silent during our interview. Then the Vizier asked me: "Do you intend to abolish the Royal White Elephant?"

"Precisely," I answered. "That albino sinecure will be the first to go on the list."

"Is your life insured?" asked the Master of Ceremonies politely but impressively.

"No," I said. Dorema sighed. "But," said I, "you will see that the whole people will hail me as their deliverer."

"We shall see," said the Vizier, but I did not like the inflections he chose.

Declaring the interview at an end, I dismissed my ministers, said farewell to my brave queen, and gave the rest of the day to the preparation of the List. It was comprehensive and complete.

"There!" said I, as I laid down my reed pen and corked the inkhorn; "to-morrow will look upon an enfranchised people!"

But the Grand Vizier was a man of considerable wisdom. We were awakened the next morning by a confused sound of murmuring beneath the palace windows. I rose and threw open the flowered damask curtains.

The whole courtyard was filled with a tumultuous mob armed with an assortment of well-chosen weapons. They carried banners, hastily made but effective, upon which I read at a glance a few sentences like these:

"Down with the Destroyer of our Homes!"

"Chubai-boy to the Garahoo-gly!"

"We must have our White Elephant!"

"The Chief Barber or Death!"

"Turban-Twister Terrors!" and so on. Before I could read more, I saw the Chief Barber on the back of the White Elephant at the head of the mob. He was a Moor.

"O Chubai-boy!" said he, wielding a bright razor so that he reflected the rays of the morn-

ing sun into my eyes. "Will you abdicate, or shall it be the sack and the gently flowing Garahoo-gly?"

"Where is the Grand Vizier?" I said, after a moment's hesitation.

"Here, your Majesty," answered that official. I saw he was in command of the right wing of the mob. He looked very well, too.

"And the Master of Ceremonies?"

"Here, your Highness," was the answer. He apparently led the left wing.

"And are you both against me?" I asked.

"We are!" they answered respectfully, but with considerable decision.

"And where are my adherents?" I shouted.

"Here!" said a sweet voice at my side. It was Dorema.

"Here!" said another soft voice. It was the boy in starched linen. I almost liked him at that moment.

"Any others?"

Then there followed a silence so vast that I could hear a fly buzzing derisively on the window-pane above me.

"And you are not in harmony with the Administration?" I asked the mob.

"No!" It was unanimous.

"Very well," I said. "Then I resign, of course. Let me thank you, my late subjects, for your prompt and decisive interest in public affairs. I had meant to carry out some much-needed reforms, and I had some thoughts that they would fill a long-felt want. Thanking you for this early serenade, and with the highest respects for you all and for all your families, from myself and from Mrs. Mudjahoy, I abdicate. Good-bye!"

There were some cheers, I think from Dorema and the linen-coated boy. Then the mob cheered for the Chief Barber, and I saw that my successor was already chosen.

We left that afternoon, and purely as a matter of humanity took the linen-coated boy with us; for I felt sure that he would not be popular nor long-lived if he should remain at home. He is a little afraid of me, but is useful.

We made our way to Calcutta, and took the steamer for Liverpool.

At this moment Mr. Mudjahoy was inter-



rupted. His graceful wife came to his chair and touched him on the shoulder.

"Come," she said. "It is chilly on deck."

"Certainly," answered Mudjahoy, rising;

"but let me first present my friend to you."

I was presented; and soon after said:

"Mr. Mudjahoy disbelieves the fairy-tales."

"I do not understand?" said Mrs. Mudjahoy.

"He thinks that the hero and princess are not always 'happy ever after,'" I said.

"Why,—but they *are*!" said Mrs. Mudjahoy.

"Are n't they Chubaiboy?"

"On reflection, I think so too!" said he.

Then they bade me good-night.



"I 'LL DESS FULL 'EM ALL VIGHT OFF SO POOR MAMMA WON'T HAVE TO DO IT EVE'Y DAY."



# November

Now the cold wind rattles  
In the icy sedge,  
And the sparrows ruffle  
In the leafless hedge.

Past the wood and meadow,  
On the frozen pool  
All the boys go skating,  
When they come from school.

The river too was frozen ;  
I saw it far away ,  
And wished that I could trace it,  
Skating night and day ,

Up to where the ice-bergs ,  
On the polar sea ,  
Float, like glittering castles ,  
Waiting there for me.

K. Pyle.



K.P.

## LITTLE VEMBA BROWN.

By M. M. D.

VEMBA was a new name in the Brown family; and, very properly, it was given to a brand-new girl, the sweetest, prettiest mite of a girl, in fact, that ever had been given to the Brown household. To be sure, six years before they had welcomed a Morris Brown nearly as small and sweet and pretty, and, later on, a Harris Brown, who began life as a baby of the very first quality; but they, both, were boys. And here was a girl! She was so new that she did not know Morris and Harris were in the house. Think of that! And if she *had* noticed them, she would not have had the slightest idea who they were. Dear me! How very well acquainted the three became after a while! But at first, when the little girl was only a few weeks old, she was still quite a stranger to the boys and had no other name than Miss Brown; yet she had the air of owning not only Mr. and Mrs. Brown, but all the family, and the very house they lived in. Why, the King of the Cannibal Islands himself could not have made her change countenance unless she chose to do so.

Well, there they were,—Morris Brown, aged six years, Harris Brown, aged three, and Miss Brown of hardly any age at all. These were the Brown children.

"A bonny little lady," said Uncle Tom, who had come all the way from Philadelphia to take a look at the baby. At this point of time, as he gazed at her through his spectacles, all the family crowded around; the boys, proud and happy, stood on either side of him to hear what his opinion might be.

"A bonny little lady," repeated Uncle Tom; "and now, Stephania, what are you going to call her?"

He turned so suddenly upon Mrs. Brown, in his brisk way, that it made her start.

"Dear me! I—I—don't know," she answered. "Some novel, pretty name, of course; something fanciful; but we have n't settled upon one yet."

"Why not call her Stephania, after you and me?" asked Grandmamma, brightly.

"Oh, dear, no," sighed Mrs. Brown; "I'd like something not so horri—, I mean, something more fanciful than *that*!"

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Grandmamma, and she closed her lips as if resolved never to say another word about it.

"We have thought of Marjorie," remarked Mr. Brown, with a funny twinkle in his eyes, "and, ahem! two or three others,—Mabel, for instance, and Ida, and Irene, and Clara, and Jean, and Olivia, and Francesca, Florence, too, and Lily, and Alice, and Elinor, and Anita, and Jessie, and Dora, and Isabel, and Bertha, and Louise, and Candace, and Alma; but Stephania condemns every one of them as too plain or too hackneyed. The fact is, all the pretty names are used up."

Just then the wind howled dismally; sere and yellow leaves whirled past the windows.

"Goodness, what weather!" exclaimed Grandmamma. "Bleak even for November—is n't it?"

"Here 's sunshine, though," murmured Mrs. Brown, cheerily. "You 're a 'ittle pessus bit of booful sunshine, so you is, even if you *is* a poor 'itty 'Vember baby!" and she fell to kissing Miss Brown in the most rapturous manner.

"Ha! there it is!" cried Uncle Tom. "Vemba 's her name. Her mother has said it. Let us call her Vemba!"

Every one laughed, but Uncle Tom was in earnest; besides, he had to take the afternoon train back to Philadelphia,—and you know how they always rush matters through in Philadelphia.

"It 's a good name, and new," he said, nodding his head in a rotary way that somehow took in Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Grandma Brown, Morris Brown, Harris Brown, and Miss Brown. "It 's a good name. Think it over. I must be off!"

"Vemba, from November?" cried Grandma. "What a bleak name! Do you want the poor child to be a shadow on the house?" and the dear old lady flourished her knitting as she spoke.

Whether it was the gleam of the long needles, or Uncle Tom's frantic but slow way of putting on his coat,—or whether Miss Brown, catching Grandma Brown's words, had suddenly resolved to show them that she had n't the slightest intention in the world of being a shadow on the house, I do not know. But certain it is she smiled,—smiled the brightest, sunniest little smile you can imagine.

All the family were delighted. The boys shouted, Papa laughed, Mamma laughed, Uncle Tom laughed, and Grandma exclaimed, "Well, I never!"

"She's answered you, Grandma," cried Uncle Tom, bending down with only one sleeve of his overcoat on,—and actually kissing the baby,—*"she has answered you. Ha, ha! No clouds about her; you see she's a sunshine-girl. Well,*

good-bye, little Vemba! good-bye, all," and he was out of the room and on his way to the train before the baby had time to blink.

Well, to make a long story short, the more they thought about the new name, the better they liked it. Besides, Morris and Harris, who adored Uncle Tom, would hear of no other. Papa declared it was not "half bad," and even Mamma admitted that at least it was not commonplace. Meantime, the baby fell into a pleasant sleep.

When she awoke her name was Vemba Brown.

That was four years ago, this November, and now every one says that of all the sweet, sunny, bright little girls in New York, Vemba Brown is the sunniest, brightest, and sweetest. She is now thoroughly acquainted with Morris and Harris; and as for Uncle Tom—well, you should have seen her hug and kiss him the other day when that gentleman told the wee maiden that bleak November would soon be here, and gave her a beautiful new Fall walking-suit and a soft white muff to keep her little hands warm!

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## A QUEER BOY.

By W. H. S.

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HE does n't like study, it "weakens his eyes,"  
But the "right sort" of book will insure a surprise.  
Let it be about Indians, Pirates, or Bears,  
And he's lost for the day to all mundane affairs;—  
By sunlight or gaslight his vision is clear.  
Now, is n't that queer?

At thought of an errand, he's "tired as a hound,"  
Very weary of life, and of "tramping around."  
But if there's a band or a circus in sight,  
He will follow it gladly from morning till night.  
The showmen will capture him, some day, I fear,  
For he is so queer.

If there's work in the garden, his head "aches to split,"  
And his back is so lame that he "can't dig a bit."  
But mention base-ball, and he's cured very soon;  
And he'll dig for a woodchuck the whole afternoon.  
Do you think he "plays 'possum"? He seems quite sincere;  
But—*is n't* he queer?

## "DAVID AND GOLIATH" IN NAVAL WARFARE.

BY JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.

If you take your Bible and turn to Chapter XVII. of I. Samuel, you may read just the sort of story I am about to tell: Of two great nations facing each other in battle array,—the army of one cowed and despairing because in the other there is a mighty creature who is so gigantic and so strong that he can taunt and harass and crush any of them without fear of being hurt himself. He is big and powerful, he wears impenetrable armor, and his weapons are so heavy that none can withstand them.

Reading on, you will see how one day there went out from the despondent army to meet this terrible warrior, a youth—a mere boy—with-out shield or breastplate, and carrying an untried weapon. It was a forlorn hope, but the youth was stout of heart and full of confidence. What was the result? The lad approached his gigantic adversary, and unmoved by his taunts and threats adjusted a missile coolly and with care. The lad's aim was perfect; the giant was struck; the giant fell dead!

Now I shall tell you how just such a thing is done on the sea in a modern naval war. The mighty giant is a battle-ship. Its iron sides are thicker than stone walls. Its enormous guns can throw a shot ten miles. Its small guns can fire so fast as to cover the water with bullets plenty as hail. In all its arrogant majesty and might, it steams about in front of a wealthy seaport. The guns of the defending forts are firing continually, but out of hundreds of shells not a dozen hit the mark, and even these few seem to fall harmless from the invulnerable sides. With the unconcern of perfect confidence in its strength and safety it ignores the flaming fortresses. The great guns swing slowly around until they bear upon the defenseless city. Smoothly and easily they lift and train, till presently with a roar like thunder a sheet of flame belches forth and the mighty ship is hidden for a time in great white mounds

of smoke as completely as if enveloped in a cloud.

The deadly missile has left the gun. It goes tearing and screaming through miles of air. It rises, curves, falls with terrible swiftness, strikes!

Why is that cruel monster ship destroying defenseless men and innocent women and children? Because its country is at war with their country, and has demanded from them an enormous ransom in money, which they have refused to pay.

Had they not better pay it than be killed? you will ask. Yes; but in their harbor they have a forlorn hope and they wish to try it. A little steamboat lies hidden there. It is long and narrow, but so small that the huge ship outside could hoist it on board like a rowboat. Its sides are of iron, but hardly thicker than those of a pasteboard box. It has no guns, but in the bow is a big round tube which looks threatening—as if it carried some terrible weapon.

It is biding its time. The thin sides could not stand the rain of shot which that braggart enemy could throw upon it, so it must steal up in secret—in a fog or in the darkness of night—till near enough to deal an unexpected blow.

The opportunity comes,—a night dark and tempestuous. The clouds have covered the stars like a pall, and there is a howling wind which drowns all other sounds. The pygmy vessel makes ready and puts to sea. It rushes along as swift as the wind and as silent as a calm. Big waves sometimes sweep over it from end to end as it plunges through the darkness, but they are not heeded. Small as it is, it is stanchly built and can stand the strain of storm as well as its adversary. All men save one are snugly shut inside, tending the flying engine and preparing the missile of destruction. This is a strange bolt, shaped like a cigar, over ten feet in length; and the

crew place it in the bow tube. The man on deck stands behind a little iron tower which shields him from the shock of the waves, and there he steers the boat.

In the darkness they seek their adversary determinedly, and with deadly purpose, since they are the protectors of their native land. The boat searches for a time in vain, for the big ship has covered all lights and is lying like a sleeping monster upon the waves, awaiting morning to renew the havoc. Perhaps if the ship remained thus, the little boat would never find her; but "Goliath" becomes uneasy; he fears "David" will make an attack, so he has determined to watch. A dazzling cone of white light suddenly starts from a point in the darkness and broadens upon the water. Slowly it sweeps about over the sea in circling arcs. All at once the little boat is bathed in a brilliant, blinding glare. The monster's eye finds it! But in finding the enemy the battle-ship has disclosed itself, and the dauntless little adversary steams straight forward at utmost speed. Streaks of flame are now shooting from under the white light, while the rattling reports of rifles and machine-guns rise sharply above the wind's roar. Shot and small shell are falling about like hail upon the water, but the monster can not keep the range of the on-rushing boat, and the missiles fly wide of the mark.

Suddenly the great ship looms up,—tall, long, shadowy, overpowering. It is not far off, almost near enough to be attacked. Yet a little closer and the intrepid pygmy, still unharmed, slows and steadies, with that ominous black tube pointing toward the monster's blazing side. Shots are falling upon the boat, and the man who was steering has taken refuge in his iron tower; but inside there is a wheel, and he can steer as well as before, for around him on a level with his eyes are little slits through which he can see. Now seconds are precious, if the fragile little craft is to escape destruction. The moment has come! A lever is pulled, and from that black tube comes a short hoarse roar. At once the little boat begins to turn, ready to escape with the speed of the wind.

But before the boat can turn, a dull heavy shock has jarred the sea. A gigantic column of white water rushes upward toward the black

clouds. In it the tall masts of the monster ship seem to sway about and clash together. The banging of guns is sharply succeeded by cries of human terror.

The mass of water falls back into the sea with a roaring crash and scatters over the waves in great wisps of glistening foam. The wind, sweeping on again, forms new waves over the disturbed water. The monster ship has disappeared—the Goliath of the Deep is conquered by his pygmy antagonist.

This little David of the Sea, which can thus annihilate the greatest ironclad at a single blow, is a torpedo boat. It costs less than \$100,000 to build one, and at a stroke it might destroy an enormous battle-ship costing one hundred times as much. For this reason, although peace has reigned so long that there has been little opportunity to test the value of these boats or their weapons, they are being constructed for the navies of every nation. Four great builders now compete for the best and fastest boats; and others, as yet of less note, are building them. Two of the former, Yarrow and Thornycroft, are in England; a third, Normand, is in France; and the fourth, Schichau (pronounced *she cow*), is in Germany. All but the last-named build boats of three sizes. The smallest, called second-class torpedo boats, are little larger than an ordinary pleasure launch, and are intended to be carried by the big ironclads themselves, and to be hoisted out in battle to fight other ironclads. They can serve, too, in times of peace the ordinary purposes of carrying officers and men between a large ship and the shore. Their usefulness in war time has never been tried. It would be an extremely awkward matter to lower them in even a slight sea, and in a heavy gale they might be swamped; but a big ship must have steam launches to communicate with other ships or with the shore, so these launches might as well be torpedo boats.

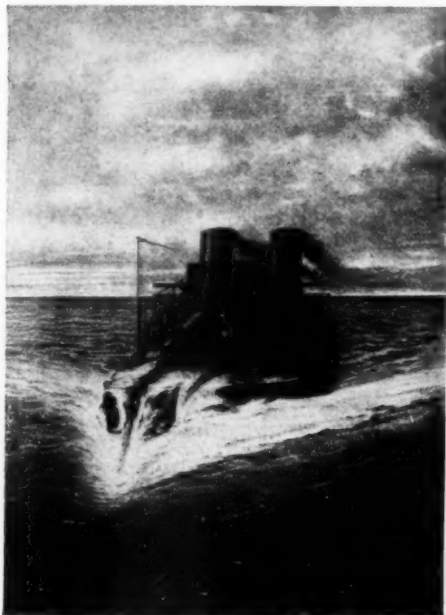
The next size, or first-class torpedo boat, is larger than a tug, at least in length, but very low in the water. These are the boats which are to protect harbors in the way I have just described—these, and the "deep-sea" torpedo boats. The latter are as large as pleasure yachts, and are built to make long sea voyages, even across



the stormy Atlantic. Many have been built in England for South American countries. Of course they can carry little coal and they must therefore make the trip under sail, and it is a very trying one. The big seas sweep over them from end to end, and they have to keep "battened down," *i. e.*, all hatches, skylights, and air ports must be tightly closed, for days at a time.

Now let me tell you some peculiar differences in the boats of these rival builders. They

as it was launched from the tube. Then look at the French boats of Normand (below), and note how their sides are rounded in to meet the deck till they have backs like whales. This is to shed the heavy seas that sweep over them. A few years ago one of these boats started out to sea with two others of different models, on a trial trip from a Russian port. They were to reach a certain headland, and a man-of-war accompanied them as an umpire. There arose a ter-



NORMAND TORPEDO BOAT.

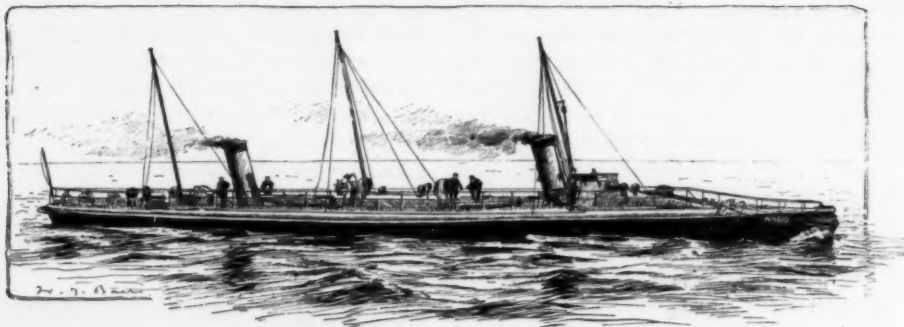


MAKING A NIGHT ATTACK.

are all built long, low, and narrow, with little iron steering-towers and long, rounded decks over their bows to throw off the water. These decks are called "turtle-backs," and the iron towers are called "conning-towers." Looking closely at the pictures, however, you will see some marked differences. Notice the German boat of Schicau (the *Nibbio*), with its long, sharp bow and straight stem, which cut the water like a knife. He builds his boats thus, that they may run through the water smoothly, without piling up a great wave in front of them which might show where they are by its phosphorescence, or might turn aside the torpedo

rible storm; and one after another the little boats went back, till only the French boat was left with the man-of-war following behind, unable to keep up. At last even the big ship had to seek a convenient harbor. But the little Normand torpedo boat kept straight on to the finish, not even slowing the engines to make the trip less trying.

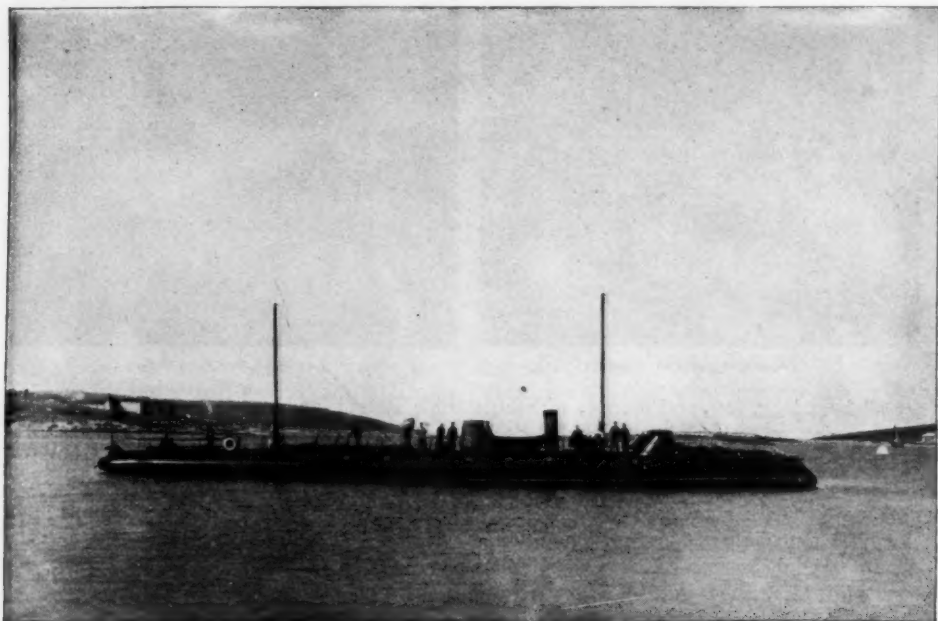
Of course all builders strive for the greatest speed, and each year has seen a boat built which is faster than any before. The palm for the highest speed seems at present to lie between an English boat built for France by Thornycroft,—the *Coureur*; and a German



THE "NIBBIO." BUILT BY SCHICAU, FOR ITALY.

boat built for Italy by Schicau,—the Nibbio. Each of these boats can run nearly twenty-seven knots an hour.\* A knot, you know, is a sea mile, which is one and one-seventh land miles, so these boats can make about thirty miles an hour, or about the average speed of a railroad passenger-train. Just think of a boat

The next most important thing in a torpedo boat is quick turning; and for this purpose the larger Normand, Schicau, and Yarrow boats have two rudders, one in the usual place at the stern, and one under the bow. Mr. Thornycroft has another device. He puts two curved rudders near the stern and the propeller is



YARROW DEEP-SEA TORPEDO BOAT.

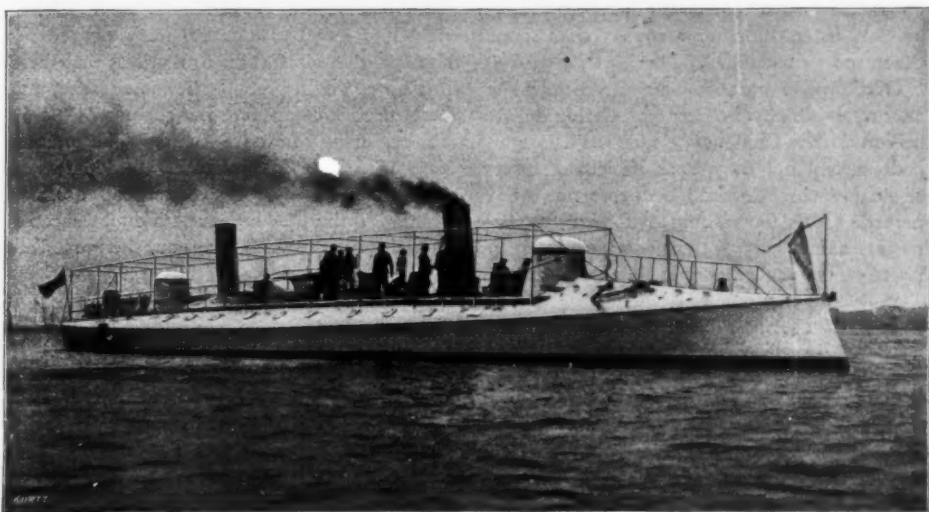
rushing through the water as fast as a train between them, so that when the rudders are turned together, the water which the propeller runs over the land!

\* Since this article was written, a sister-boat to the Nibbio, the Adler, built for Russia, has broken the record for speed, by making about 27.5 knots.

peller is driving astern is turned a little to one side and helps to push around the boat.

The latest idea in torpedo boats is to have their launching tubes mounted on turn-tables on deck instead of being fixed in the bow. With this improvement a boat will not have to steam straight at her enemy, stop, launch its torpedo, and then turn to run away; but it can train its tube on the big ship as if the tube were a gun, and launch the torpedo while rushing past at full speed. This would be less

only one worth mentioning is to have a big net stretched around the ship, hanging down into the water from the ends of long booms which stand out from her sides. The net is weighted to hang down to the level of the keel, and surrounds the ship like a huge cage. A torpedo caught in its meshes would be exploded too far from the ship to do her any harm. When not in use these nets are folded in close to the side by swinging in the booms, and furled on the booms themselves; but they are clumsy things



THE AMERICAN TORPEDO BOAT. THE "CUSHING."

dangerous for the torpedo boat, for it would not afford the men on the ship a good aim at her.

The most approved weapon as yet used in these boats is the Whitehead torpedo. It is a long, cigar-shaped projectile which runs under water by machinery after it is launched from the tube. It goes in a straight line for about five hundred yards, so that the torpedo boat must get within that distance before launching it. Its front end is filled with one hundred pounds of gun-cotton (an explosive much stronger than gunpowder), and this will explode when the torpedo strikes a ship's bottom and would probably tear a hole big enough to sink the largest man-of-war.

Many schemes have been suggested to keep a torpedo from reaching a man-of-war; but the

at best. They can not be used when the ship is under way, for they would retard her speed and might become tangled in her propellers. A ship blockading or bombarding a port would never lie at anchor; for, in the one case, she must be always ready to chase the ships which try to run in or out, and in the other, she must not give the big guns on shore an opportunity to take deliberate aim at her. Yet these are the occasions when she must expect an attack from torpedo boats; so you see a net could hardly be used at the very times when most needed.

European countries have built large numbers of these boats. Italy has now about 200; England, 175; France, 150; Russia, 130; Germany, 100; and Spain, 20. On this side of the Atlantic

the Argentine Republic has 18; Brazil, 15; and Chili, 10.

Of course you wish to know how many our own nation has. Well, we have ONE. It was recently launched, and if you read the papers you will no doubt see accounts of its trials for speed. It is a big one,—a "deep-sea" boat,—very much like the Italian *Nibbio* in appearance, but not in any way designed after that boat. It was built by the Messrs. Herr-eshoff at Bristol, R. I. This firm has built some very fast launches and yachts, and can no doubt prove equal to the best foreign builders in constructing torpedo boats should others be demanded.

Our torpedo boat is named the *Cushing*, after a famous naval officer who during the Rebellion sank a Confederate ironclad with a torpedo rigged out on a spar projecting from a steam launch. Torpedo boats are not always named. It is the custom of foreign countries to give names only to their "deep-sea" torpedo boats. The smaller ones are simply numbered.

I know you are wondering why we have only one torpedo boat and would like to ask me if we don't need more. Perhaps we do. The United States has a longer sea-coast and more important sea-ports to protect than any other country; but the United States is deliberate and thoughtful.

We are not in danger of a fight at any moment, so we can afford to look on while other countries are testing new-fangled ideas, and wait until we see them succeed before we adopt them. Thus we have watched this torpedo-boat invention until the experiments, trials, and naval manœuvres have proved (as far as anything but a war can prove) that these little boats would probably be the cheapest and most effective defense for our sea-ports. So we are beginning to build them. The present Secretary of the Navy has asked Congress to appropriate money for five torpedo boats in addition to the *Cushing*, and no doubt successful trials of these will bring about the immediate building of many more.

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## THE OLD MAN-OF-WAR AND THE NEW.

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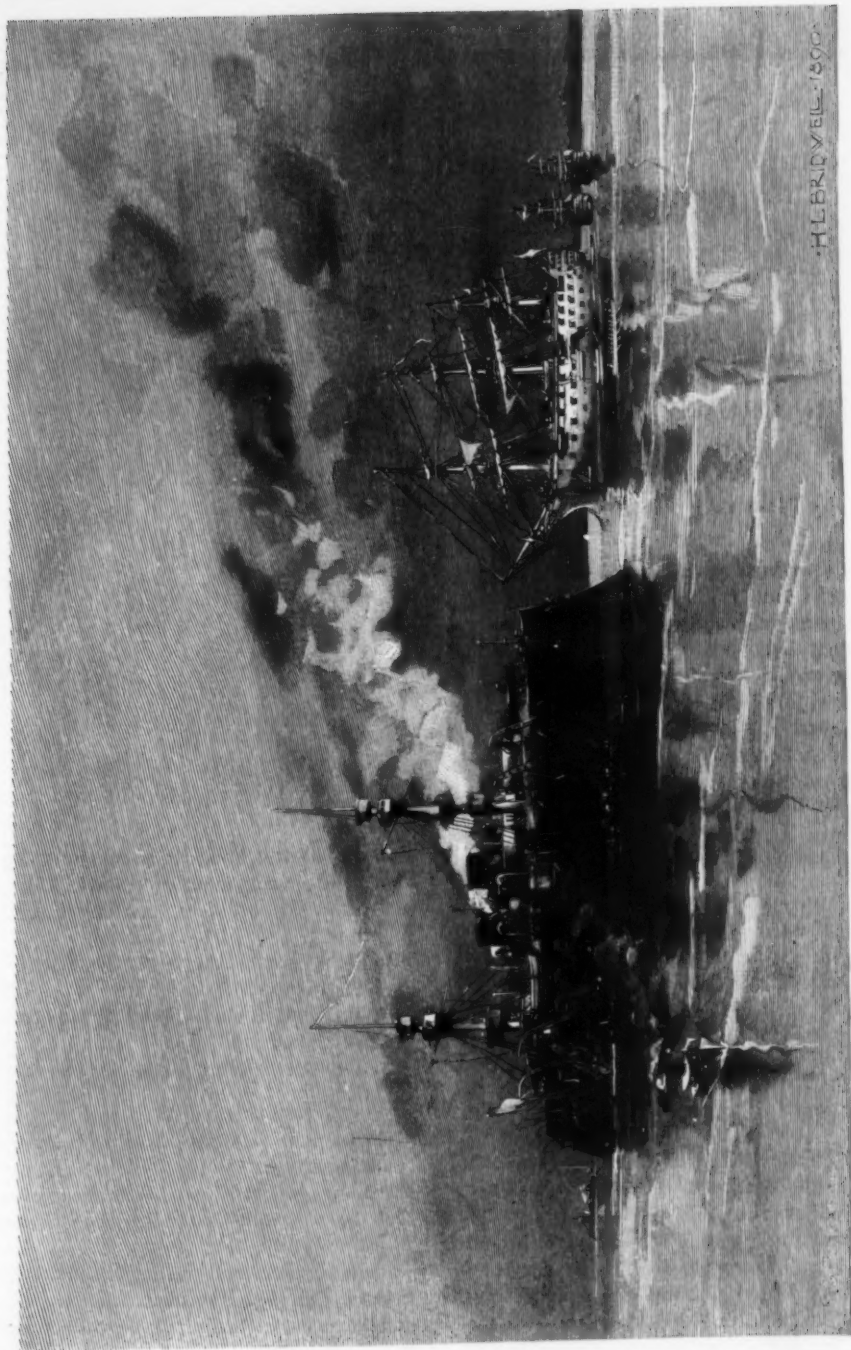
EACH step forward in the peaceful arts is at once made useful in the art of war. Improvements in metal working suggested that armor might be made large enough to cover ships, and by rendering guns more effective made such protection necessary.

When the *Kearsarge* fought the *Alabama*, cable-chains were hung along the sides of the former to shield her boilers and machinery. The *Merrimac* was protected by doubled iron plates, and the *Monitor* was covered completely in plate mail.

Nelson's flagship, the *Victory*, was in active service within the lifetime of men still living,

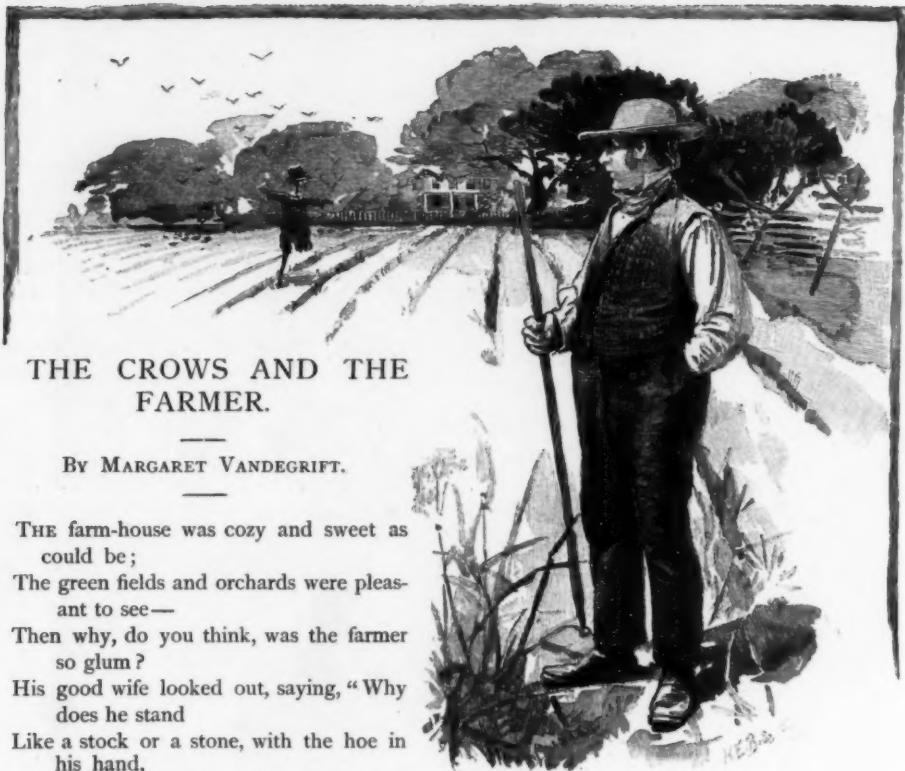
and the *Kearsarge's* victory is not beyond the memory of young men; but in twenty-five years the progress of invention has produced the great contrast so strikingly and artistically shown in the picture opposite, which puts side by side the old *Victory* and a modern French line-of-battle ship.

The contrast, however, is no greater than that between the unarmored soldier of to-day and the knight of old in full mail; and perhaps, as armor for the soldier became useless and was abandoned, the ironclad may likewise give way to something more like the type familiar a century ago.



BATTLE-SHIPS.—1890 AND 1900.





## THE CROWS AND THE FARMER.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

THE farm-house was cozy and sweet as  
could be ;

The green fields and orchards were pleas-  
ant to see—

Then why, do you think, was the farmer  
so glum ?

His good wife looked out, saying, "Why  
does he stand

Like a stock or a stone, with the hoe in  
his hand,

When it 's supper-time, quite, and the cows  
have n't come ?"

The farmer stood thinking, "There 's nobody  
knows

The life a poor farmer is led by the crows !

It 's much if they leave me a morsel to eat.

"T was the pease, and the beans, and the oats,  
and the rye ;

They did n't spare cherries enough for a pie,  
And now I 'll be blest if they 're not at the  
wheat !

"And I really believe that before I am older  
They will come to that scarecrow, and light  
on his shoulder,

Or build them a nest in the crown of his hat !

If I live till to-morrow, we 'll some of us see—

I 'll take the old gun, and hide up in this tree.

I 've buckshot enough ; we 'll try how they  
like *that* !"

How they liked it, however, he was not to see.  
Though all the next morning he hid in the tree,  
Not a crow was on hand, save one wary old  
scout,

Who crept through the bushes, flew close to  
the ground,

And took word to the flock, "The old gentle-  
man 's 'round

With a gun in his hand, and we 'd better clear  
out !

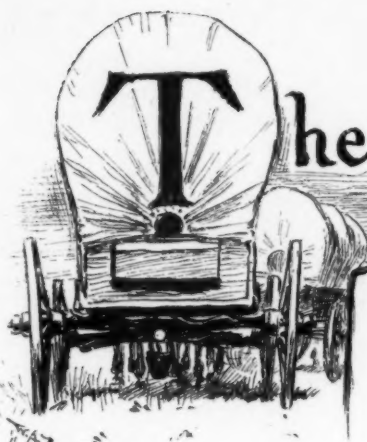
"When he puts up a scarecrow we 're certain  
at once,

And if we were not we should each be a dunce,  
That there 's lots of good eating, and nothing  
to pay ;

But a man with a gun 's so unpleasant a sight  
It destroys the most ravenous crow's appetite,

And when we 're not hungry, pray why should  
we stay ?"





# The Boy Settlers

By  
NOAH BROOKS.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE SETTLERS, AND WHENCE THEY CAME.

THERE were five of them, all told; three boys and two men. I have mentioned the boys first because there were more of them, and we shall hear most from them before we have got through with this truthful tale. They lived in the town of Dixon, on the Rock River, in Lee County, Illinois. Look on the map and you will find this place at a point where the Illinois Central Railroad crosses the Rock, for this is a real town with real people. Nearly sixty years ago, when there were Indians all over that region of the country, and the red men were numerous where the flourishing States of Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin are now, John Dixon kept a little ferry at the point of which I am now speaking, and it was known as Dixon's Ferry. Even when he was not an old man, Dixon was noted for his long and flowing white hair, and the Indians called him Na-chu-sa, "the White-haired." In 1832 the Sac tribe of Indians, with their chief Black Hawk, rose in rebellion against the government, and then there happened what is now called the Black Hawk war.

In that war many men who afterwards became famous in the history of the United States were engaged in behalf of the government. One of these was Zachary Taylor, afterwards better known as "Rough and Ready," who

fought bravely in the Mexican war and subsequently became President of the United States. Another was Robert Anderson who, at the beginning of the war of the rebellion in 1861, commanded the Union forces in Fort Sumter when it was first fired upon. Another was Jefferson Davis who, in the course of human events, became President of the Southern Confederacy. A fourth man, destined to be more famous than any of the others, was Abraham Lincoln. The first three of these were officers in the army of the United States. Lincoln was at first a private soldier, but was afterwards elected captain of his company, with whom he had come to the rescue of the white settlers from the lower part of the State.

The war did not last long, and there was not much glory gained by anybody in it. Black Hawk was beaten, and that country had peace ever after. For many years, and even unto this day I make no doubt, the early settlers of the Rock River country loved to tell stories of the Black Hawk war, of their own sufferings, exploits, hardships, and adventures. Father Dixon, as he was called, did not choose to talk much about himself, for he was a modest old gentleman and was not given, as they used to say, to "blowing his own horn," but his memory was a treasure-house of delightful anecdotes and reminiscences of those old times; and young and old would sit around the comfortable stove of a country store, during a dull winter evening, drinking in tales of Indian warfare and of the "old settlers" that had been handed down from generation to generation.

It is easy to see how boys brought up in an atmosphere like this, rich in traditions of the long past in which the early settlement of the

country figured, should become imbued with the same spirit of adventure that had brought their fathers from the older States to this new region of the West. Boys played at Indian warfare over the very ground on which they had learned to believe the Sacs and Foxes had skirmished years and years before. They loved to hear of Black Hawk and his brother, the Prophet, as he was called; and I can not tell you with what reverence they regarded Father Dixon, the white-haired old man who had actually talked and traded with the famous Indians, and whose name had been given him as a title of respect by the great Black Hawk himself.

Among the boys who drank in this sort of lore were Charlie and Alexander Howell and their cousin Oscar Bryant. Charlie, when he had arrived at his eighteenth birthday, esteemed himself a man, ready to put away childish things; and yet, in his heart, he dearly loved the traditions of the Indian occupation of the country, and wished that he had been born earlier, so that he might have had a share in the settlement of the Rock River region, its reclamation from the wilderness, and the chase of the wild Indian. As for Alexander, commonly known as "Sandy," he had worn out a thick volume of Cooper's novels before he was fifteen years old, at which interesting point in his career I propose to introduce him to you. Oscar was almost exactly as many years and days old as his cousin. But two boys more unlike in appearance could not be found anywhere in a long summer day. Sandy was short, stubbed, and stocky in build. His face was florid and freckled, and his hair and complexion, like his name, were sandy. Oscar was tall, slim, wiry, with a long oval face, black hair, and so lithe in his motions that he was invariably cast for the part of the leading Indian in all games that required an aboriginal character.

Mr. Howell carried on a transportation business, until the railroads came into the country and his occupation was gone. Then he began to consider seriously the notion of going further west with his boys to get for them the same chances of early forestalling the settlement of the country that he had had in Illinois. In the West, at least in those days, nearly everybody

was continually looking for a yet further West to which they might emigrate. Charlie Howell was now a big and willing, good-natured boy; he ought to be striking out for himself and getting ready to earn his own living. At least, so his father thought.

Mr. Bryant was engaged in a profitable business, and he had no idea of going out into another West for himself or his boy. Oscar was likely to be a scholar, a lawyer or a minister, perhaps. Even at the age of fifteen, he had written "a piece" which the editor of the Dixon *Telegraph* had thought worthy of the immortality of print in his columns.

But about this time, the Northern States were deeply stirred by the struggle in the new Territory of Kansas to decide whether freedom or slavery should be established therein. This was in 1854 and thereabout. The Territory had been left open and unoccupied for a long time. Now settlers were pouring into it from adjacent States, and the question whether freedom should be the rule, or whether slaveholding was to be tolerated, became a very important one. Missouri and Arkansas, being the States nearest to Kansas, and holding slavery to be a necessity, furnished the largest number of emigrants who went to vote in favor of bringing slavery into the new Territory; but others of the same way of thinking came from more distant States, even as far off as South Carolina, all bent on voting for slavery in the laws that were to be made. For the most part, these people from the slave States did not go prepared to make their homes in Kansas or Nebraska, for some went to the adjoining Territory of Nebraska which was also ready to have slavery voted up or down. The newcomers intended to stay just long enough to vote and then return to their own homes.

The people of the free States of the North heard of all this with much indignation. They had always supposed that the new Territories were to be free from slavery. They saw that if slavery should be allowed there, by and by, when the two Territories would become States, they would be slave States, and then there would be more slave States than free States in the Union. So they held meetings, made speeches, and passed resolutions denouncing

this sort of immigration as wrong and wicked. Then immigrants from Iowa, Illinois, and other Northern States, even as far off as Massachusetts, sold their homes and household goods and started for the Promised Land, as many of them thought it to be. For the men in Kansas who were opposed to slavery wrote and sent far and wide papers and pamphlets, setting forth in glowing colors the advantages of the new and beautiful country beyond the Missouri River, open to the industry and enterprise of everybody. Soon the roads and highways of Iowa were dotted with white-topped wagons of immigrants journeying to Kansas, and long lines of caravans, with families and with small knots of men, stretched their way across the country nearest to the Territory.

Some of these passed through Dixon, and the boys gazed with wonder at the queer inscriptions that were painted on the canvas covers of the wagons; they longed to go with the immigrants and taste the sweets of a land which was represented to be full of wild flowers, game in great abundance, and fine streams, and well-wooded hills not far away from the water. They had heard their elders talk of the beauties of Kansas and of the great outrage that was to be committed on that fair land by carrying slavery into it; and, although they did not know much about the politics of the case, they had a vague notion that they would like to have a hand in the exciting business that was going on in Kansas.

Both parties to this contest thought they were right. Men who had been brought up in the slave States believed that slavery was a good thing—good for the country, good for the slave-owner, and even good for the slave. They could not understand how anybody should think differently from them. But, on the other hand, those who had never owned slaves and who had been born and brought up in the free States could not be brought to look upon slavery as anything but a very wicked thing. For their part, they were willing (at least, some of them were) to fight rather than consent that the right of one man to own another man should be recognized in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska. Some of these started at once for the debatable land; others helped their neighbors

to go, and many others stayed at home and talked about it.

Mrs. Bryant, Oscar's mother, said: "Dear me, I am tired and sick of hearing about 'bleeding Kansas.' I do wish, Husband, you would find something else to talk about before Oscar. You have got him so worked up that I should n't be the least bit surprised if he were to start off with some of those tired-looking immigrants that go traipsing through the town day by day." Mrs. Bryant was growing anxious, now that her husband was so much excited about the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, as it was called, that he could think of nothing else.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE FIRE SPREADS.

ONE fine morning in May, Mr. Bryant was standing at his front gate watching for his brother-in-law, Mr. Howell, to come down the street.

He held a newspaper in his hand, and with this, loosely rolled, he was impatiently tapping on the gate as Mr. Howell drew near. Evidently, something had happened to disturb him.

"See here, Aleck," he exclaimed, as soon as his brother-in-law was within the sound of his voice, "I can stand this sort of thing no longer. I'm bound to go to Kansas. I've been thinking it over, and I have about made up my mind to go. Brubaker will take my store and the good-will of the concern. Oscar is wild to go, and his mother is perfectly able to take care of the house while I am getting ready for her to come out. What d' ye say? Will you go too?"

"Well," said Mr. Howell slowly, "you nearly take my breath away! What's happened to stir you up so?"

"Just listen to this," cried the other. "Just listen"; and, unfolding his newspaper, he read, with glowing cheeks and kindling eyes, an account of an attack made by some of the "pro-slavery men," as they were named, on a party of free-State immigrants who had attempted to cross the river near Kansas City. His voice trembled with excitement, and when he had

finished reading, he asked his companion what he thought of that.

Mr. Howell looked pensively down the street now embowered with the foliage of early summer, noted the peaceful aspect of the village and the tranquil picture which gardens, cottages, and sauntering groups of school-children presented, and then said slowly: "I never was much of a hand at shooting, Charles, leastways, shooting at folks; and I don't know that I could take steady aim at a man even if I knew he was a Border Ruffian out gunning for me. But I'm with you, Charles. Charlie and Sandy can do a heap sight better in Kansas, after things get settled, than they can here. This place is too old; there's too much competition, and the boys will not have any show if they stay here. But what does Amanda say?"

Now, Amanda was Mr. Bryant's wife, Mr. Aleck Howell's sister. When Aleck asked this question, the two men looked at each other for a moment queerly and without speaking.

"Well, she'll hate to part with Oscar; he's the apple of her eye, as it were. But I guess she will listen to reason. When I read this piece in the paper to her, this morning at the breakfast-table, she was as mad as a wet hen. As for Oscar, he's so fired up about it that he is down in the wood-shed chopping wood to blow off steam. Hear him?" And Mr. Bryant laughed quietly, notwithstanding his rising anger over the news of the day.

At that moment Sandy came whooping around the corner, intent on overtaking a big yellow dog, his constant companion—Bose by name—who bounded along far in advance of the boy. "See here, Sandy," said his uncle, "how would you like to go to Kansas with your father, Oscar, Charlie, and myself?"

"To Kansas? Shooting buffaloes, deer, Indians, and all that? To Kansas? Oh, come now, Uncle Charles, you don't mean it."

"But I do mean it, my laddie," said the elder man, affectionately patting the freckled cheek of the lad. "I do mean it, and if you can persuade your father to go along and take you and Charlie with him, we'll make up a party—just we five—that will scare the Border Ruffians 'way into the middle of next year." Then, with a more serious air, he added: "This is a fight for

freedom, my boy, and every man and every boy who believes in God and Liberty can find a chance to help. I'm sure *we* can." This he said with a certain sparkle of his eye that may have meant mischief to any Border Ruffian that might have been there to see and hear.

As for Sandy, he turned two or three hand-springs by way of relieving his feelings; then, having once more assured himself that the two men had serious thoughts of migrating to Kansas, he rushed off to the wood-shed to carry the wonderful news to Oscar. Dropping his ax, the lad listened with widened eyes to the story that Sandy had to tell.

"Do you know, Sandy," he said, with an air of great wisdom, "I thought there was something in the wind. Oh, I never saw father so roused as he was when he read that story in the *Chicago Press and Tribune* this morning. Why, I thought he'd just get up and howl when he had read it out to mother. Jimmini! Do you really suppose that he will go? And take us? And Uncle Aleck? Oh, would n't that be too everlastingly bully for anything?" Oscar, as you will see, was given to the use of slang, especially when under great excitement. The two boys rushed back to the gate, where the brothers-in-law were still talking eagerly and in undertones.

"If your mother and Aunt Amanda will consent, I guess we will go," said Mr. Bryant, with a smile on his face as he regarded the flushed cheeks and eager eyes of Sandy and Oscar. Sandy's father added: "And I'll answer for your mother, my son. She and I have talked this thing over many a time, more on your account and Charlie's than for the sake of 'bleeding Kansas,' however. I'm bound to say that. Every man is in honor bound to do his duty by the country and by the good cause; but I have got to look after my boys first." And the father lovingly laid his hand on Sandy's sturdy shoulder. "Do you think you could fight, if the worst comes to the worst, Sandy, boy?"

Of course the lad protested confidently that he could fight; certainly he could protect his rights and his father's rights, even with a gun, if that should be found necessary. But he admitted that, on the whole, he would rather

shoot buffaloes and antelope, both of which species of large game he had already learned were tolerably plentiful in Kansas.

"Just think of it, Oscar, we might have some real Indian-fighting out there, like that Father Dixon and the rest of the old settlers had in the time of the Black Hawk war."

His father assured him, however, that there was no longer any danger from the red man in Kansas. The wild Indians were now far out on the frontier, beyond the region to which they would probably go in search of homestead lands for settlement. Sandy looked relieved at this explanation. He was not anxious for fighting with anybody. Fun was more to his liking.

The two mothers, when they were informed of the decision of the male members of the family, made very little opposition to the emigration scheme. In fact, Mrs. Howell had really felt for some time past that her boys would be better provided for in a new country. She had been one of the "old settlers" of Dixon, having been brought out from the interior of New York when she and her brother were small children. She had the same spirit of adventure that he had, and, although she remembered very well the privations and the discomforts of those early days, it was more with amusement than sorrow that she recalled them to mind, now that they were among the traditions of long-past years. The two young Howells were never weary of hearing their mother tell of the time when she killed a wild-cat with her father's rifle, or of her walking fifteen miles and back to buy herself a bonnet-ribbon to wear to her first ball in the courthouse. Now her silent influence made it easier for the Kansas Exodus (as they already called their scheme) to be accepted all around.

The determination of the two families to migrate made some stir in the town. It was yet a small place, and everybody knew every other body's business. The Bryants and Howells were among the "old families," and their momentous step created a little ripple of excitement among their friends and acquaintances. The boys enjoyed the talk and the gossip that arose around them, and already considered themselves heroes in a small way. With envious eyes and eager faces, their comrades sur-

rounded them, wherever they went, asking questions about their outfit, their plans, and their future movements. Every boy in Dixon looked on the three prospective boy settlers as the most fortunate of all their young playfellows.

"I wish my father would catch the 'Kansas fever,'" said Hiram Fender, excitedly. "Don't you suppose your father could give it to him, Charlie? Do you suppose your uncle would take me along if Dad would let me go? Oh, would n't that be just gaudy, if I could go! Then there would be four of us boys. Try it on him."

But the two families resolutely attended to their own business, asking help from nobody, and not even so much as hinting to anybody that it would be a good thing for others to go with them to the Promised Land. The three boys were speedily in the midst of preparations for their migration. It was now well along into the middle of May. If they were to take up land claims in Kansas and get in a crop, they had no time to spare. The delightful excitement of packing, of buying arms and ammunition, and of winding up all the small concerns of their life in Dixon made the days pass swiftly by. There were all the details of tents for camping-out, provisions for the march, and rough clothing and walking gear for the new life beyond to be looked after.

Some of the notions of the boys, in regard to what was needed and what was to be expected from the land beyond were rather crude. And perhaps their fathers were not in all cases so wise as they thought themselves. The boys, however, cherished the idea that absolutely everything they should require in Kansas must be carried from Illinois. "Why," said the practical Mr. Howell, "if we cannot buy plows, cattle, and seed, cheaper in Missouri than we can here, we can at least save the labor and cost of transportation. We don't want to haul a year's provisions either. We expect to raise something to eat, don't we?"

Charlie, to whom this remonstrance was addressed, replied, "Well, of course we can raise some garden truck, and I suppose we can buy bacon and flour cheaper in Missouri than here."

"Then there 's the game," interrupted Oscar



and Sandy, both in one breath. "Governor Robinson's book says that the country is swarming with game," added Sandy, excitedly.

The boys had devoured a little book by Mr. Robinson, the free-State Governor of Kansas, in which the richness of the Promised Land was glowingly set forth.

"Much time we shall have to shoot buffaloes and antelope when we are breaking up the sod and planting corn," Mr. Howell answered with a shade of sarcasm in his voice.

"And we may have to fire at bigger game than either of those," added Mr. Bryant grimly.

"Border Ruffians?" asked Sandy with a feeble attempt at a grin. His mother shuddered and hastily went out of the room. The Kansas scheme seemed no longer pleasant to her, when she read the dreadful stories of violence and bloodshed with which some of the Western newspapers were teeming. But it was settled that most of the tools needed for farming could be bought better in Missouri than in Illinois; the long haul would be saved, and the horses with which they were to start could be exchanged for oxen to good advantage when they reached "the river." They had already adopted the common phrase, "the river," for the Missouri River, then generally used by people emigrating westward.

"But perhaps the Missourians will not sell you anything when they know that you are free-State men," suggested Mrs. Bryant timidly, for this was a family council.

"Oh, well," answered Mr. Howell sturdily, "I'll risk that. I never saw a man yet with anything to sell who would n't sell it when the money was shaken in his face. The newspapers paint those border men pretty black, I know; but if they stop to ask a man's politics before they make a bargain with him, they must be queer cattle. They are more than human or less than human, not Americans at all, if they do business in that way." In the end they found that Mr. Howell was entirely right.

All was settled at last, and that, too, in some haste, for the season was rapidly advancing when planting must be attended to, if they were to plant that year for the fall harvest. From the West they heard reports of hosts of people pouring into the new Territory, of land being in

great demand, and of the best claims near the Missouri being taken by early emigrants. They must be in a hurry if they were to get a fair chance with the rest and a fair start on their farm, — a farm yet existing only in their imagination.

Their wagon, well stored with clothing and provisions, a few books, Oscar's violin, a medicine chest, powder, shot, and rifle-balls, and an assortment of odds and ends, — the wagon, so long a magical repository of hopes and the most delightful anticipations, was ready at last. It stood at the side gate of Mr. Bryant's home, with a "spike team" (two horses at the pole, and one horse for a leader) harnessed. It was a serious, almost solemn, moment. Now that the final parting had come, the wrench with which the two families were to be broken up seemed harder than any of the members had expected. The two mothers, bravely keeping up smiling faces, went about the final touches of preparations for the lads' departure and the long journey of their husbands.

Mr. Howell mounted the wagon with Sandy by his side; Mr. Bryant took his seat with the other two boys in an open buggy, which they were to drive to "the river" and there trade off for a part of their outfit. Fond and tearful kisses had been exchanged and farewells spoken. They drove off into the West. The two women stood at the gate, gazing after them with tear-dimmed eyes as long as they were in sight; and when the little train disappeared into the first swale of the prairie, they burst into tears and went into the house which was now left unto them desolate.

It was a quiet party that drove over the prairie that bright and beautiful morning. The two boys in the buggy spoke occasionally in far-off-sounding voices about indifferent things that attracted their attention as they drove along. Mr. Howell held the reins, with a certain stern sense of duty on his dark and handsome face. Sandy sat silently by his side, the big tears coursing down his freckled cheeks.

### CHAPTER III.

#### ON THE DISPUTED TERRITORY.

THE straggling, unkempt, and forlorn town of Parkville, Missouri, was crowded with stran-

gers when the emigrants arrived there after a long and toilsome drive through Iowa. They had crossed the Mississippi from Illinois into Iowa, at Fulton, on the eastern shore, and after stopping to rest for a day or two in Clinton, a pretty village on the opposite bank, had pushed on, their faces ever set westward. Then, turning in a southwesterly direction, they traveled across the lower part of the State, and almost before they knew it they were on the sacred soil of Missouri, the dangers of entering which had been pictured to them all along the route. They had been warned by the friendly settlers in Iowa to avoid St. Joseph, one of the crossings from Missouri into Kansas; it was a nest of Border Ruffians, so they were told, and they would surely have trouble. They must also steer clear of Leavenworth; for that town was the headquarters of a number of Missourians whose names were already terrible all over the Northern States, from Kansas to Massachusetts Bay.

"But there is the military at Fort Leavenworth," replied Mr. Bryant. "Surely they will protect the citizens of the United States who are peaceful and well-behaved. We are only peaceable immigrants."

"Pshaw!" answered an Iowa man. "All the army officers in this part of the country are pro-slavery men. They are in sympathy with the pro-slavery men, anyhow, and if they had been sent here to keep free-State men out of the Territory, they could n't do any different from what they are doing. It's an infernal shame, that's what it is."

Bryant said nothing in reply, but as they trudged along, for the roads were very bad, and they could not often ride in their vehicles now, his face grew dark and red by turns. Finally he broke out:

"See here, Aleck," he cried, "I don't want to sneak into the Territory. If these people think they can scare law-abiding and peaceable citizens of a free country from going upon the land of these United States, we might just as well fight first as last. For one, I will not be driven out of a country that I have got just as much right to as any of these hot-headed Missouri fellows."

His brother-in-law looked troubled, but be-

fore he could speak the impetuous and fiery Sandy said: "That's the talk, Uncle Charlie! Let's go in by the shortest way, and tackle the Border Ruffians if they tackle us. Who's afraid?" And the lad bravely handled his "pepper-box," as his old-fashioned five-barreled revolver was sportively called by the men of those days; for the modern revolver with one barrel for all the chambers of the weapon had not then come into use. "Who's afraid?" he repeated fiercely, looking around. Everybody burst out laughing, and the valorous Sandy looked rather crestfallen.

"I am afraid, for one," said his father. "I want no fighting, no bloodshed. I want to get into the Territory and get to work on our claim, just as soon as possible; but if we can't get there without a fight, why then, I'll fight. But I ain't seeking for no fight." When Aleck Howell was excited, his grammar went to the four winds. His view of the situation commended itself to the approval of Oscar, who said he had promised his mother that he would avoid every appearance of hostile intention, keep a civil tongue in his head, have his weapons out of sight and his powder always dry.

The emigrants decided to go into Kansas by way of Parkville.

At Claybank, half-way between the Iowa line and the Missouri River, they encountered a drover with a herd of cattle. He was eager to dicker with the Kansas emigrants, and offered them what they considered to be a very good bargain in exchanging oxen for their horses. They were now near the Territory, and the rising prices of almost everything that immigrants required warned them that they were not far from the point where an outfit could no longer be bought at any reasonable price. The boys were loath to part with their buggy, for, although they had been often compelled to go afoot through some of the worst roads in the States of Iowa and Missouri, they had clung to the notion that they might have a pair of horses to take into the Territory, and, while the buggy was left to them, they had a refuge in times of weariness with walking; and these were rather frequent. The wagon was exchanged for another, suitable for oxen.

The immigrants drove gaily into Parkville. They were in sight of the Promised Land. The Big Muddy, as Missourians affectionately call the turbid stream that gives name to their State, rolled sluggishly between the Parkville shore and the low banks fringed with cottonwoods that were the eastern boundary of Kansas. Looking over, they could see long lines of white-covered wagons, level plains dotted with tents, and the rising smoke of many fires, where people who had gone in ahead of them were cooking their suppers; for they entered Parkville late in the afternoon. It was a commonplace-looking view of Kansas, after all, and not at all like what the lads had fancied it would be. Sandy very emphatically expressed his disappointment.

"What would you have, Sandy?" asked his uncle, with some amusement. "Did you expect to see wild honey dripping out of the cottonwoods and sycamores, buffaloes and deer standing up and waiting to be shot at, and a farm ready to be tilled?"

"Well," replied the boy, a little shamefacedly, "I did n't exactly expect to see all those things; but somehow the country looks awful flat and dull. Don't you think so?"

For answer, Mr. Bryant pointed out a line of blue slopes in the distance. "Those are not very high hills, my boy, to be sure, but they are of the rolling prairie beyond, and as soon as we get away from the river we shall find a bluff and diversified country, I'll warrant you."

"Yes; don't you remember," broke in Oscar eagerly, "Governor Robinson's book told all about the rolling and undulating country of the Territory, and the streams that run under high bluffs in some places?"

Sandy admitted that this was true of the book; but he added, "Some books do lie, though."

"Not Governor Robinson's book," commented his brother Charlie, with a slight show of resentment. For Charlie had made a study of the reports from the Promised Land.

But a more pressing matter was the attitude of the border-State men toward the free-State emigrants, and the question of making the necessary purchases for their farming scheme. Parkville was all alive with people, and there were many border-State men among them. Some of these regarded the newcomers with

unmistakable hostility, noting which, Sandy and Oscar took good care to keep near their two grown-up protectors; and the two men always went about with their weapons within easy reaching distance. All of the borderers were opposed to any more free-State men going into the Territory; and many of them were disposed to stop this by force, if necessary. At one time, the situation looked very serious, and Sandy got his "pepper-box" into position. But the trouble passed away, and the arrival of fifteen or twenty teams, accompanied by a full complement of men, checked a rising storm of wrath.

From Platte City, a short distance up the river, however, came doleful and distressing stories of the ill-treatment of the free-State men who had gone that way. They were harassed and hindered, and, in some cases, their teams were deliberately turned about and driven back on the road by which they had come. It was useless to remonstrate when the rifles of a dozen men were leveled at the would-be immigrants. But our travelers in Parkville heard a good story of the bravery of one free-State man who had been refused transportation across the ferry at Platte City, kept by an ardent pro-slavery man. The intending immigrant, unconscious of any hindrance to his crossing, was calmly driving down to the ferry-boat, a flat-bottomed craft propelled by long oars, or sweeps, when the ferryman stopped him with the question, "What hev ye got into yer waggin?"

"Oxen," sententially replied the newcomer.

"And what 's them thar cattle follering on behind?" he asked, pointing to a drove of milch-cattle in the rear.

"Caouws," answered the immigrant, in the broad pronunciation peculiar to provincial people of the New England States.

"All right," was the rejoinder; "a man that says 'caouws' can't go over this yere ferry withouten he's got the tickets." No argument would induce the ferryman to explain what the tickets were and where they could be procured. Finally, his patience exhausted, the free-State man suddenly drew from the big pockets of his frock a pair of tremendous pistols, ready cocked, and, holding them full in the face of the surprised ferryman, he said:

"Here are my tickets, and I'm going across

this ferry right off, caouws or no caouws!" And he went.

Even at Parkville, where there was very little difficulty in crossing, as compared with what there had been earlier in the struggle for Kansas, they were advised by discreet friends and sympathizers to be on the lookout for opposition. Every fresh arrival of free-State men angered yet more the borderers who were gathered there to hinder and, if possible, prevent further immigration. Mr. Bryant chafed under the necessity of keeping his voice hushed on the topic that engaged all his thoughts; and Oscar and Sandy were ready to fight their way across the river; at least they said so.

They did find, however, that the buying of provisions and farming tools required for their future use, was out of the question in Parkville. Whether it was the unexpected demand, or the refusal of the Missourians to sell to free-State men, they could not determine. But the prices of everything they wanted were very high. What should they do? These articles they must have. But their cost here was far beyond their most extravagant estimates. When Mr. Howell was reminded by his brother-in-law how he had said that no politics could interfere with trade and prices, he was amused.

"Of course," he said, "it does look as if these Missourians would not sell at fair prices because they want to hinder us; but don't you see that the demand is greater than the supply? I know these folks are bitterly hostile to us; but the reason why they have so small a stock of goods on hand is that they have sold out to other free-State men that have come before us to buy the same things. Is n't that so?"

Mr. Bryant was obliged to admit that this was a reasonable explanation; but as he had begun by thinking that every borderer hated a free-State man and would do him an injury if he could, he did not give up that notion willingly. He was certain that there was a plot in the high prices of bacon, flour, corn-meal, and plows.

In this serious dilemma, Charlie came to the relief of the party with the information that a free-State man, whose team had just recrossed the river for a load of supplies sent him by a wagon that was to return to Iowa, brought news that a large trading-post had been opened at a

new Kansas town called Quindaro. He said that the Iowa man told him that prices were just now lower in Quindaro than they had ever been in Parkville.

"Quindaro?" said Oscar musingly;—"why that must be an Indian name,—feminine Indian name, too, unless I miss my guess."

Mr. Bryant had heard of Quindaro. It was a brand-new town, a few miles down the river, settled by free-State men and named for a young, full-blooded Indian girl of the Delaware tribe. The town was on the borders of the Delaware reservation, which in those days came close to the Missouri River. Charlie, also, had gathered some facts about the town, and he added that Quindaro was a good place to start from, going westward. The party had laid in a stock of groceries—coffee, tea, and other articles of that description—before leaving home. Now they needed staple provisions, a few farming tools, a breaking-plow, and some seed corn. Few thought of planting anything but corn; but the thrifty settlers from Illinois knew the value of fresh vegetables, and they were resolved to have "garden truck" just as soon as seeds could be planted and brought to maturity.

"And side-meat?" asked Sandy wonderingly, as he heard his father inquiring the price of that article of food. Side-meat, in the South and West, is the thin flank of a porker, salted and smoked after the fashion of hams, and in those parts of the Southwest it was (and probably is) the staple article of food among the people. It is sold in long, unattractive-looking slabs, and when Sandy heard its name mentioned, his disgust as well as his wonder was kindled.

"Side-meat?" he repeated, with a rising inflection. "Why, I thought we were going to live on game,—birds and buffalo and the like! Side-meat? Well, that makes me sick!"

The two men laughed, and Mr. Howell said, "Why, Sandy, you are bent on hunting and not on buckling down to farm work. How do you suppose we are going to live if we have nothing to eat but wild game that we kill, and breadstuffs and vegetables that we buy?"

Sandy had thought that they might be able to step out into the woods or prairie, between times, as it were, and knock down a few head of game when the day's work was done, or

had not begun. When he said as much, the two heads of the party laughed again, and even Charlie joined in the glee.

"My dear infant," said his father seriously, but with a twinkle in his eye, "game is not so plenty anywhere as that; and if it were, we should soon tire of it. Now side-meat 'sticks to the ribs,' as the people hereabouts will tell you, and it is the best thing to fall back upon when fresh meat fails. We can't get along without it, and that is a fact; hey, Charlie?"

The rest of the party saw the wisdom of this suggestion, and Sandy was obliged to give up, then and there, his glowing views of a land so teeming with game that one had only to go out with a rifle, or even a club, and knock it over. But he mischievously insisted that if side-meat did "stick to the ribs," as the Missourians declared, they did not eat much of it, for, as a rule, the people whom they met were a very lank and slab-sided lot. "Clay-eaters," their new acquaintance from Quindaro said they were.

"Clay-eaters?" asked Charlie, with a puzzled look. "They are clayey-looking in the face. But it can't be possible that they actually eat clay?"

"Well, they do, and I have seen them chewing it. There is a fine, soft clay found in these parts, and more especially south of here; it has a greasy feeling, as if it was a fatty substance, and the natives eat it just as they would candy. Why, I should think that it would form a sand-bar inside of a man, after awhile; but they take to it just as naturally!"

"If I have got to choose between side-meat and clay for a regular diet," said Sandy, "give me side-meat every time."

That night, having made their plans to avoid the prying eyes of the border-State men, who in great numbers were now coming in, well-armed and looking somewhat grimly at the free-State men, the little party crossed the river. Ten dollars, good United States money, was demanded by the ferryman as the price of their passage; it looked like robbery, but there was no other way of getting over the river and into the Promised Land; so it was paid, with many a wrench of the patience of the indignant immigrants; and they pitched their tent that night under the stars and slept soundly on the soil of "bleeding Kansas."

Bright and early next morning, the boys were up and stirring, for now was to begin their camp life. Hitherto, they had slept in their tent, but had taken their meals at the farm-houses and small taverns of the country through which they had passed. They would find few such conveniences in the new country into which they had come, and they had been warned that in Kansas the rule was "every man for himself."

They made sad work with their first breakfast in camp. Oscar had taken a few lessons in cooking from his mother, before leaving home, and the two men had had some experience in that line of duty when out on hunting expeditions in Illinois, years before. So they managed to make coffee, fry slices of side-meat, and bake a hoe-cake of Indian-corn meal. "Hog and hominy," said Sandy's father. "That's the diet of the country, and that is what we shall come to, and we might as well take it first as last."

"There's worse provender than this, where there's none," said Mr. Bryant cheerfully; "and before we get through we shall be hungrier more than once for hog and hominy."

It was an enlivening sight that greeted the eyes of the newcomers as they looked around upon the flat prairie that stretched along the river-side. The tents of the immigrants glistened in the rising sun. The smoke of many camp-fires arose on the summer air. Groups of men were busily making preparations for their long tramp westward, and, here and there, women and children were gathered around the white-topped wagons, taking their early breakfast or getting ready for the day's march. Here, too, could now be seen the unkempt and surly-looking border men who were on the way to points along the route that were to be occupied by them before too many free-State men should come in. An election of some sort, the newcomers could not exactly make out what, was to take place in a day or two, and the Missourians whom they had seen flocking into Parkville were ready to vote as soon as they got into the Territory.

Breakfast over, the boys sauntered around through the camps, viewing the novel sights with vast amusement. It was like a militia muster at home, except that the only soldier



element they saw was the band of rough-looking and rough-talking men who were bound to vote and fight for slavery. They swaggered about with big pistols girt at their hips and rifles over their shoulders, full-bearded and swarthy, each one a captain apparently, all without much organization, but very serious in their intention to vote and to fight. It really seemed as if they had reached the fighting-ground at last.

"Oh, well; I can't bother about poetry, now," said the father hastily. "I have some prose work on hand, just about this time. I'm trying to drive these pesky cattle, and I don't make a very good fist at it. Your Uncle Aleck has gone on ahead, and left me to manage the team; but it's new business to me."

"John G. Whittier is the name at the top of these verses. I've heard of him. He's



IN CAMP AT QUINDARO. THE POEM OF "THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS."

"See here, Daddy," said Oscar, as he came in from the camps when the Dixon caravan was ready to move; "see what I found in this newspaper. It is a piece of poetry, and a mighty fine piece, too"; and the boy began to read some lines beginning thus:

"We cross the prairie as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!"

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a regular-built poet,—lives somewhere down East."

"I can't help that, sonny; get on the other side of those steers, and see if you can't gee them around. Dear, dear, they're dreadful obstinate creatures!"

That night, however, when they were comfortably and safely camped in Quindaro, amid the live-oaks and the tall sycamores that embowered the pretty little town, Oscar again

brought the newspaper to his father, and, with kindling eyes, said:

"Read it out, Daddy; read the piece. Why, it was written just for us, I do declare. It is called 'The Kansas Emigrants.' We are Kansas Emigrants, are n't we?"

The father smiled kindly as he looked at the flushed face and bright eyes of his boy, and took from him the paper folded to show the verses. As he read, his eyes, too, flashed and his lip trembled.

"Listen to this!" he cried. "Listen to this! It is like a trumpet call!" And with a voice quivering with emotion, he began the poem:

"We cross the prairie as of old  
The pilgrims crossed the sea,  
To make the West, as they the East,  
The homestead of the free!"

"Something has got into my eyes," said Mr. Howell, as the last stanza was read. "Great Scott! though, how that does stir a man's blood!" And he furtively wiped the moisture from his eyes. It was time to put out the light and go to sleep, for the night was now well

advanced. But Mr. Bryant, thoroughly aroused, read and re-read the lines aloud.

"Sing 'em," said his brother-in-law, jokingly. Bryant was a good singer, and he at once tuned up with a fine baritone voice, recalling a familiar tune that fitted the measure of the poem.

"Oh, come now, Uncle Charlie," cried Sandy, from his blankets in the corner of the tent, "that's 'Old Dundee.' Can't you give us something lively? Something not quite so solemn?"

"Not so solemn, my laddie? Don't you know that this is a solemn age we are in, and a very solemn business we are on? You'll think so before we get out of this Territory, or I am greatly mistaken."

"Sandy'll think it's solemn, when he has to trot over a piece of newly broken prairie, carrying a pouchful of seed corn, dropping five grains in each sod," said his father laughing, as he blew out the candle.

"It's a good song; a bully good song," murmured the boy, turning over to sleep. "But it ought to be sung to something with more of a rig-a-jig-jig to it." So saying, he was off to the land of dreams.

(To be continued.)



## LADY JANE.

BY MRS. C. V. JAMISON.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### MADAME JOZAIN CALLS UPON MAM'SELLE DIANE.

It was not long after the time when Paichoux bought the watch, that Mam'selle Diane was surprised one morning by a visit from Madame Jozain, who entered the little green gate with an air of haughty severity and insolent patron-

"My bill, Madame Jozain! What bill?" said Mam'selle Diane, looking at her with cold surprise. "I am not aware that you owe me anything."

"I owe you for teaching Lady Jane music. You've been giving her lessons now for some months, and I'm sure you must need your money."

"Oh, Madame," gasped Mam'selle Diane, "you are laboring under a mistake; I never

thought of receiving money for the pleasure I have had with the child. I offered to teach her; it was my own wish. You surely did not think that I expected to be paid?"

"I certainly did. Why should you teach her for nothing when I am able to pay?" returned Madame, haughtily, while she drew out a roll of notes. "In your circumstances, you can't afford to throw away your time, and I'm quite willing to pay you the usual price. You're a very good teacher, and I'm very well satisfied with the child's progress."

For a moment, Mam'selle Diane was quite overcome by the woman's insolence; then remembering that she

was a d'Hautreuve, she drew herself up, and said calmly and without the least hauteur:

"I regret, Madame, that you thought I expected any pay for teaching Lady Jane; I make no claim to any professional knowledge, there-



"MAM'SELLE DIANE SAID CALMLY, 'I REGRET, MADAME, THAT YOU THOUGHT I EXPECTED ANY PAY FOR TEACHING LADY JANE.'"

age that was insufferable. She had evidently come on business; for after the first formalities had passed between them, she drew a well-filled purse from her pocket, and asked, in a lofty tone, if Mam'selle Diane had her bill prepared.

fore I could not take the pay of a teacher. I thank you very much, but I am not a teacher."

"It does n't matter; I insist on paying you," and Madame held out a bank-note for so large an amount, that Mam'selle Diane's eyes were fairly dazzled.

"I assure you it is impossible," said Diane, gently. "It is useless to discuss the matter. Will you permit me to open the gate for you?"

"Very well, then," exclaimed Madame, hotly; "I sha'n't allow my niece to come here again. I won't accept favors from any one. If she is to be taught, she shall have a teacher who is n't too proud to take her wages."

"I hope you will not deprive us of the pleasure of seeing Lady Jane. We are very fond of her," said Mam'selle Diane, almost humbly, while the tears gathered on her eyelashes; "of course, however, you must do as you think best about the lessons."

"I sha'n't allow her to run about the neighborhood any more," replied Madame, tartly; "she's losing her pretty manners. I shall keep her with me in the future," and with this small parting thrust and a curt good-morning she went out of the little green gate, and left Mam'selle Diane to close it behind her. Poor Mam'selle! — her heart was heavy.

The interview had taken place on the gallery, and Madame d'Hautreuve had heard but little from her bed. "Diane, what did that woman want? What sent her here at this hour?" quavered the old lady, sharply.

"She came on business, Mamma," replied Mam'selle Diane, brushing away a tear.

"Business — business? I hope you have no business with her!" said her mother.

"She pretended to think I expected to be paid for the lessons I have given Lady Jane."

Madame groaned. "I told you we would regret opening our doors to that child."

"Oh, Mamma, I don't regret it. I regret only that I have lost the pleasure of seeing her. Madame Jozain will not allow her to come any more," said Mam'selle.

"Ungrateful creature, to insult you after your condescension!"

"Mamma, she did n't insult me," interrupted Mam'selle Diane, proudly. "Must I remind *you* that I am above her insolence?"

"True, my dear, true; and I hope you made her feel that she is but a Jozain."

"I did n't wish to be unkind to her, Mamma; perhaps she is not so wrong after all. Sometimes I think it would have been better to have let our friends know our real circumstances. Then they would have helped me to get pupils. I could have earned more by teaching music than I can by making penwipers, and I am sure it would be more respectable and more agreeable."

"Oh, Diane, you surprise me!" cried Madame d'Hautreuve, tremulously. "Think of it, a granddaughter of the Counts d'Hautreuve and d'Orgenois teaching the children of grocers and bakers to play the piano! No, no; I would rather bury myself here and die in poverty than disgrace the name in that way!"

Mam'selle Diane made no reply, and after a few moments Madame turned on her pillow to finish her morning nap. Then the last of the d'Hautreuves went into the little garden, and drawing on a pair of old gloves, she dug, and trimmed and trained her plants for some time, and afterward gathered up the small piles of seeds from the white papers.

"Ah!" she said, wearily, seeing how few these were, "even the flowers refuse to seed this year!"

After she had finished her work in the garden, she went dejectedly back to the little room where her mother still slept, and opening a drawer in her armoire, she took out a small box. She sighed heavily as she raised the lid. Inside on a blue velvet lining lay a slender bracelet set with diamonds and turquoises. "It must go," she said sadly to herself. "I have kept it till the last. I hoped I would n't be obliged to part with it, but I must. I cannot let poor Mamma know how needy we are. It's the only thing I can spare without telling her. Yes, I must give it up. I must ask Madame Jourdain to dispose of it for me." Then she sat for a long time looking at it silently, while the hot tears fell on the blue velvet.

Then Mam'selle Diane bravely wiped away her tears, and laid the little box under the ducklings in the black basket.

For more than a week Mam'selle Diane did not see Lady Jane, and the poor woman's eyes

had a suspicious look of tears as she went about her duties, silent and dejected. Her only pleasure was no longer a pleasure; she could not go near the piano for some days.

At last, one evening, she sat down and began to play and sing a little song she had taught the child, when suddenly she heard outside the window the sweet treble voice she loved so well.

"It 's Lady Jane!" she cried, and springing up so hastily that she upset the piano-stool, she grappled with the rusty bolts of the shutters, and for the first time in years threw them boldly open. There stood the child, hugging her bird to her breast, her wan little face lighted by her sparkling eyes and bright, winsome smile.

Mam'selle Diane went down on her knees, and Lady Jane clung to her neck and kissed her rapturously, over and over.

"Diane, Diane, what are you thinking of, to open that shutter in the face of all the world?" cried the old lady, feebly.

But Mam'selle Diane did not hear her mother; she was in an ecstasy of happiness, with the child's loving lips pressed to her faded cheek.

"Tante Pauline says I must n't come in," whispered Lady Jane, between her kisses, "and I must mind what she says."

"Yes, darling," said Diane.

"I've been here every day listening, but I have n't heard you sing before."

"Dear child, I could n't sing. I missed you so I could n't sing," Mam'selle answered.

"Don't cry, Mam'selle Diane. I love you dearly. Don't cry and I'll come every day to the window. Tante Pauline won't be angry at that."

"I don't know, my dear; I'm afraid she will," said Diane, with a sad smile.

"Diane, close that window instantly!" cried Madame d'Hautreve, quite beside herself. "A pretty exhibition you're making, before all the neighbors — on your knees crying over that child!"

"Good-bye, darling; come sometimes. Mamma don't like me to open the window, but I'll open the gate and speak to you," said Diane, hastily remembering herself and the exigencies of her station.

"Forgive me, Mamma — I really could n't help it. I was so glad to see the child"; and Mam'selle Diane closed the window with a brighter face than she had shown for many days.

"I think you must be insane, Diane! — I think you surely must be, to let all these common people know that a *blanchisseuse de fin* will not allow her child to come into our house, and that you are obliged to go on your knees and reach out of the window to embrace her. Oh, Diane, Diane, for the first time you've forgotten that you're a d'Hautreve!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

### RASTE, THE PRODIGAL.

ABOUT this time a noticeable change took place in Madame Jozain. She did not seem nearly so self-satisfied, nor so agreeable to her customers. They remarked among themselves that something had certainly gone wrong, for Madame was very absent-minded and rather cross, and was always talking about business being poor and about the quarter growing duller every day, while the neighbors were a set of curious gossips and busybodies.

"As soon as they find out that one has had trouble, they blacken one all they can," she said, bitterly, to Madame Fernandez, who was her only intimate friend.

She spoke cautiously and vaguely of her troubles, for she did not know whether the news of Raste's escapade had reached Good Children Street. "I dare say that they have seen it in the papers," she thought angrily to herself. "Locked up for thirty days as a suspicious character! If he had listened to me, and sold that watch at first, he would n't have got into this trouble. I told him to be careful, but he was always so headstrong, and now I don't know what may happen any moment. The whole story may get out through that watch being talked about in the papers; and perhaps the man that bought it was a detective. Raste did n't even find out who the buyer was. I shall never feel easy now until Raste is out of the way; as soon as his thirty days are ended, I shall advise him to leave New Orleans for a while. I'm disgusted with him, for



disgracing me in this way, and I don't want him here. I can hardly make enough to support myself and that child. If it was n't for the money I've hidden away I should feel discouraged, but I'll have that to fall back on. I'm thankful Raste don't know anything about it, or he'd beg it from me in some way. I'm glad I've got rid of all those things; I'd be afraid to have them by me now. There's nothing of any consequence left but that silver jewel-box, and I'll get that off my hands the first time I go out."

Then she thought of the child. Suppose some one should recognize the child? She was becoming cowardly. A guilty conscience was an uncomfortable companion. Everything frightened her and made her suspicious. Madame Paichoux had asked some startling questions; and, besides, she did not know what the child might tell. Children were so unreliable. One would think they had forgotten everything and did not see nor hear; then, suddenly, they would drop some word that would lead to wonderful revelations. Lady Jane was becoming an intelligent, thoughtful child, and such people as the d'Hautreves could find out many things from her. Then she congratulated herself that she had been clever enough to get her away from Mam'selle Diane, and the Paichoux, too. And that cunning little hunchback, Pepsie; and old Gex—he was a sly old villain, and no doubt her enemy, for all he was so affable and polite. Yes; she would keep the child away from them all as much as possible.

Sometimes she thought it would be best to move away from that quarter of the city; but then, her going might excite suspicion, so she waited with much anxiety for further developments.

When Raste's thirty days were up, he came to his mother, very sheepish and, apparently, very penitent. To her angry reproaches, he replied that he had done nothing; that there was no crime in his having the watch. They did n't steal the watch; they did n't ask the poor woman into their house and rob her. She came there sick, and they took care of her; and instead of turning her child into the street, they had treated her as if she belonged to them.

As for the watch, he had been keeping it only until the child was old enough to have it, or until her relatives were found; he had never intended to sell it, until he found that it was getting him into trouble, and then he was obliged to get rid of it as best he could.

Madame listened to the plausible arguments of her handsome scapegrace, and thought that perhaps there was no real cause for anxiety after all; and when he treated his thirty days with fine scorn, as a mere trifle, a mistake of which no one knew, she felt greatly comforted.

"Respectable people," he said, "never read about such matters, and consequently none of our friends will ever know of it. It won't happen again, for I mean to cut loose from the fellows who led me into that fix. I mean to go with respectable people. I shall begin all over, and earn a living in an honest way!"

Madame was delighted; she never knew Raste to talk so reasonably and to be so thoughtful. After all, his punishment had not done him any harm. He had had time to think, and these good resolves were the result of his seclusion from the *friends* who had nearly proved his ruin. Therefore, greatly relieved of her anxieties, she took the prodigal back into her heart and home, and cooked him an excellent supper, not of a fatted calf, but of a fatted pig that Madame Paichoux had sent her as a preliminary offering toward closer acquaintance.

For several days Raste remained quietly at work around the house, assisting his mother in various ways, and showing such a helpful and kindly disposition that Madame was more than ever enchanted with him. She even went so far as to propose that they should form a partnership and extend their business.

"My credit is good," said Madame, proudly; "I can buy a larger stock, and we might hire the store on the corner, and add a grocery department, by and by."

"But the capital? We have n't the capital," returned Raste, doubtfully.

"Oh, I'll provide the capital, or the credit, which is just as good," replied Madame, with the air of a millionaire.

"Well," said Raste, "you go out among the merchants and see what you can do, and I'll stay here and wait on the customers. There's

nothing like getting used to it, you know. But send that young one over to the 'countess,' or to some of her swell friends. I don't want to be bothered with her everlasting questions. Did you ever see such a little monkey, sitting up holding that long-legged bird, and asking a fellow a lot of hard questions as serious as old Ducro himself? By the way, I saw Father Ducro; he's just back from Cuba. He asked me when you were coming to church again."

With Father Ducro's name ringing in her ears, Madame went out to see about the new venture, and was absent for several hours. When she returned she found the house closed and Raste gone.

In a moment Lady Jane came running with the key. Mr. Raste had brought it to her, she said, and had told her that he was tired tending shop, and was going for a walk.

Madame smiled and said, as she took the key:

"I thought so. I thought he'd get tired of it; but I can't expect him to keep closely to business, just at first."

She took off her bonnet and veil, and put them away. Then she went limping about the room, putting it in order. From time to time she smiled. She had met Madame Paichoux and Marie in the Bon Marché, on Rue Royal, and they had been very agreeable. Madame Paichoux had even invited her to come and dine with them to meet Marie's fiancé. At last they were beginning to see that she was worthy of some attention, she thought.

Now, if Raste would only behave himself they could do very well. With the ready money she had hidden away, and by using her credit, she could buy a large stock of goods. She would have more shelves put up, and a counter, and a fine showcase in the window; and there was the store on the corner which Raste could fit up as a grocery. Suddenly, she remembered that her rent was due, and that it was about time for her landlord's visit. She took out her pocket-book and counted its contents. She had been rather extravagant at the Bon Marché, to impress

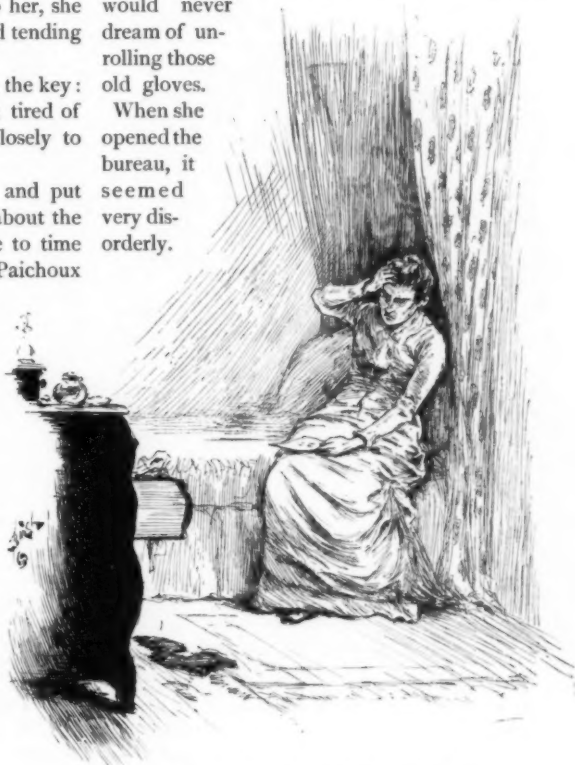
Madame Paichoux, and had spent far more than she intended. She found that she lacked a few dollars of the amount due for rent.

"I must borrow it from the private bank," she said, jocosely, as she unlocked her bureau.

With the peculiar slyness of such people, she thought her hoard safer when not too securely concealed. Therefore she had folded up the whole of her year's savings, with the amount taken from Lady Jane's mother, inside of a pair of partly worn gloves, which were thrown carelessly among the other contents of the drawer. It was true, she always kept her bureau locked, and the key well hidden, and, besides, she seldom left her house alone. But even if any one should break it open, she thought, they would never

dream of unrolling those old gloves.

When she opened the bureau, it seemed very disorderly.



"STAGGERING TO THE BED, SHE SAT DOWN ON THE EDGE, AND READ THE LARGE CHARACTERS."

"Surely, I did n't leave my things in such confusion!" she said, nervously clutching at the gloves, which were startlingly conspicuous.

With beating heart and trembling hands, she unrolled them, but instead of the roll of notes, only a slip of paper was found.

The gloves dropped from her nervous hands, and staggering to the bed, she sat down on the edge, and read the large characters, which were

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE JEWEL-BOX.

THE next day after Raste's sudden departure, Madame Jozain sat in her doorway looking very old and worn; her face was of a settled pallor,



MADAME JOZAIN BARGAINS FOR HER MOVING. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

only too familiar and distinct, although they danced and wavered before her eyes:

DEAR MAMMA: I've decided not to go into partnership with you, so I'll take the capital and you can keep the credit. The next time that you secrete from your dutiful son money that's as much his as yours, don't hide it in your old gloves. It is n't safe. I'm going away on a little trip. I need a change after my close application to business. Your inquisitive neighbors won't mind my taking a vacation. What could be pleasanter than my *uncle's ranch in Texas*? Your affectionate and devoted son,

ADRASTE JOZAIN.

and her eyes had a dazed, bewildered expression, as if she had received a heavy blow that had left her numb and stupid. At times, she put her hand to her head and muttered, "Who would have thought it? Who would have thought it? His mother, his own mother!—and I've always been so good to him!"

Suddenly, she seemed to have lost her interest in her business, her customers, and even her domestic affairs. Her little store was more untidy than any one had ever seen it. When a

neighbor entered to buy a trifle or to gossip for a few moments, Madame made an effort to appear cheerful and chatty, but that it was an effort was evident to all. At last some one asked if she were ill.

"Well, not exactly," she answered, uneasily, "but I might as well be. The fact is, I'm fretting about that boy of mine; he took it into his head yesterday to go away to his uncle's ranch. I miss him very much. I can't get along without him, and I should n't wonder if I should go too."

When Pepsie asked what was the matter with her Tante Pauline, Lady Jane answered, as she had been instructed, that Tante Pauline had headaches because Mr. Raste had gone away, and was n't coming home for a long time.

"Madame Jozain is fretting about her son's going away," observed Madame Fernandez to her husband, looking across the street. "She's been sitting there all the morning so lonesome and miserable, that I'm sorry for her. But there's some one coming to see her now,—a stranger, and so well dressed. I wonder who it can be?"

The newcomer was a stranger to Madame Fernandez, but Madame Jozain welcomed her as an old friend; she sprang up with sudden animation and shook hands warmly.

"Why, Madame Hortense," she exclaimed, "what chance brings you to my little place?"

"A happy chance for you," replied Madame Hortense, laughing. "I've come to bring you money. I've sold the little jewel-case you left with me the other day, and sold it very well, too."

"Now, did you? How good of you, my dear; I'm so glad—for the child's sake!"

"Would you believe that I got twenty-five dollars for it? You know you said I might sell it for ten; but I got twenty-five, and I think I could have sold it for more, easily. It is solid silver and an exquisite thing."

"Yes, it was of the best workmanship," sighed Madame.

"But I must tell you how I happened to sell it for such a high price. It's very strange, and perhaps you can throw some light on the matter. One of my best customers happened to come in last evening,—Mrs. Lanier of Jackson Street. You know Lanier the banker? They are very rich people. She was looking over the things

in my showcase, when she suddenly, as if surprised, exclaimed:

"Why, Madame Hortense, where did you get this?" I turned around, and she had the little jewel-case in her hand examining it closely, and I saw that she was quite pale and excited.

"Of course, I told her all I knew about it: that a friend had given it to me to sell, and so on. But she interrupted me by asking, where my friend got it, and all sorts of questions; and all the while she was looking at it as if she could n't imagine how it got there. I could only tell her that you gave it to me. Then she asked other questions so excitedly that I could n't help showing my surprise. But I could n't give her all the information she wanted, so I wrote your name and address for her, and told her to come and see you, and that you would be able to tell her all about it."

During Madame Hortense's hasty and rather confused narrative, Madame Jozain turned an ashy white, and her eyes took on a hunted expression, but with a set ghastly smile she followed every word of her friend's story.

At length she found strength and composure to say:

"Why, no wonder you were surprised! Didn't she tell you why she wanted to know?"

"I suppose she saw that I was very much puzzled, for after looking at it sadly for some time, she said that it was a mystery how the box came there; that she had given that little casket to a schoolmate ten years before, while at school in New York; that she had had it made especially for her; and that her friend's initials, J. C., were on it."

"Dear, dear, only think! An old schoolmate, I suppose," said Madame Jozain, hastily.

"Then she asked me if I would sell her the little box; and I said, certainly I would; that it was put there to sell. Seeing how anxious she was to get it, I thought I would put the price at twenty-five dollars, although I did n't really think she'd give it. But she never said a word about the price; she paid it in a dazed way, took your address that I'd written down for her, and went out, carrying the little casket with her. I suppose she'll be here to-day, or to-morrow, to see you; and so I thought I'd hurry down and tell you all about it."

"And your commission?" said Madame Jozain with a visible effort to appear calm, as the milliner laid the money on the table.

"Oh, *par exemple*, Madame Jozain! As if I would! No, no, we're too old friends. I cannot take pay for doing you a little favor. And besides, I'm glad to do it for the dear child. She must be a great anxiety to you?"

"She is!" returned Madame, with a heavy sigh. "But she has some property in land, I believe. My son has just gone away, and I'm thinking of going too. I'm very lonely here."

"Ah?" said Madame Hortense, surprised. "Why, you're so well placed here. Shall you go soon?"

"Before very long," replied Madame, who did not care to be more definite.

"Well, come and see me before you go."

Madame Hortense drew down her veil and rose to leave.

"I'm sorry I can't stay longer to chat with you; I'm busy, very busy. Now, mind, be sure to come and say good-bye," and with a cordial *au revoir*, the little milliner hurried down the steps, and out of sight around the corner.

For some time after her visitor had gone, Madame Jozain stood quite still in the middle of her little shop, with her hands pressed to her head, and her eyes fixed on vacancy. At length she muttered to herself:

"She'll come here; yes, she'll come here! I *can't* see her. I *can't* tell her where I got that box! I must get away at once. I must go out and find another place. There'll be no more peace on earth for me! My punishment has begun."

Then Madame hurriedly put on her best gown and bonnet, and calling across to Lady Jane, who was with Pepsie, she said she was going out on business, and that she might not be back for some time.

Late that same afternoon, Madame Jozain was limping slowly and wearily through a narrow street at the other end of the city, miles away from Good Children Street, when she saw an old negro sitting on a furniture wagon to which two mules were harnessed.

"Is that you, Pete?" she asked, stopping and looking at him.

"Why, law, yes, it's me, Miss Pauline; an' I is mighty glad ter see yer," said the old man, climbing down.

"And I'm glad to find you, Pete. I see you've got a wagon. Is it yours?"

"Well, 't ain't edactly mine, Miss Pauline. I is hired it. But I is a-drivin' it."

"I was just looking for some one to move me to-night, Pete," Madame went on.

"Ter-night, Miss Pauline? Why, we does n't often work a'ter sundown, an' it's mos' dat now."

"What do you charge for a load, Pete, when you move furniture?"

"I mos' gen'ly charges two dollars a load, when it ain't too fur, Miss Pauline," he answered slowly.

"Well it *is* far, Pete. It is from Good Children Street."

"Oh, Miss Pauline, I can't do dat ter-night. My mules is too tired fur dat."

Madame stood still and thought for a moment.

"See here, Pete," she said at length in a tone of decision, "I want you to remember that you belonged to our family once, and I want you to listen to me and to do what I say. You're to ask no questions and answer none. Mind that! You're to keep your tongue still. Take your mules out now, and give them a good feed, and let them rest awhile. Then be at my house by ten this evening. That will be soon enough, for I've got to pack. If you'll move me quietly, and without any fuss, I'll give you ten dollars for the load."

"Ten dollars, Miss Pauline?" and the old darky grinned. "Bress yer, Miss, I is a mind ter try it, but it's a mighty long road!"

"You've got plenty of time; you need n't hurry. Bring a man to help, and leave the wagon in the side street. I want the things taken out the back way, and no noise. Mind what I say, *no noise!*"

"All right, Miss Pauline, I'll be dar, *shore*. An' yer'll gib me ten dollars?"

"Yes, ten dollars," replied Madame, as she limped away to take the street-car.

Some of Madame Jozain's neighbors remembered afterward that they slept badly that night, had uneasy dreams and heard mysterious noises; but as there was a thunderstorm about daybreak, they had concluded that it



was the electricity in the air which caused their restlessness. However, Pepsie afterward insisted that she had heard Lady Jane cry out, and call "Pepsie!"—as if in great distress or fear, and that about the same time, there were sounds of hushed voices, rumbling of wheels, and other mysterious noises. But her mother had told her she was dreaming.

So upset was Pepsie by the night's experience that she looked quite pale and ill as she sat by her window next morning, waiting for Madame Jozain to open the shutters and doors.

How strange! It was eight o'clock, and still no sign of life in the house opposite! The milkman had rung his bell in vain; the brick-dust vender had set his bucket of powdered brick on the very steps, and shrieked his discordant notes close to the door; the clothes-pole man had sung his dismal song; and the snap-bean woman had chanted her three syllables, not unmusically; and yet, late as was the hour, no one appeared to open the door of Madame Jozain's house.

At last Pepsie could no longer endure her suspense.

"You go and see what 's the matter," she said to her little handmaid.

So Tite zigzagged across the street, flew up the steps, and pounded vigorously on the door; then she tried the shutters and the gate, and finally even climbed the fence and peeped in at the back windows. In a trice, she was back, gasping and wild-eyed:

"Bress yer, Miss Peps! W'at I done tol' yer? Dem 's all gone. Ain't a stick or nofin' in dat dar house! Jes' ez empty ez a gourd!"

At first, Pepsie would not believe the dreadful news; but finally, when she was convinced that Madame had fled in the night and taken

Lady Jane with her, she sank into the very depths of woe and refused to be comforted.

Then Paichoux and Tante Modeste were called into a family council, and Paichoux did his very best to solve the mystery. But all he could learn was from Madame's landlord, who said that Madame Jozain had paid her rent and given up her key, saying that she had decided, very suddenly, to follow her son. This was all the information the landlord could give, and Paichoux returned dejectedly with this meager result.

"I had my plans," he said, "and I was waiting for the right moment to put them in operation. Now, the child has disappeared, and I can do nothing!"

The next day, Pepsie, sitting sorrowfully at her window, trying to find consolation in a game of solitaire, saw a private carriage drive up to the empty house and wait, while the servant made inquiries for Madame Jozain.

"Madame Jozain *did* live there," said M. Fernandez, politely, "but she went away between two days, and we know nothing at all about her. There was something strange about it, or she never would have left without bidding her friends good-bye, and leaving some future address."

The servant imparted this scanty information to the lady in the carriage, who drove away looking greatly disappointed.

The arrival of this elegant visitor, directly succeeding Madame's flight, furnished a subject for romantic conjecture.

"I should n't wonder," said Pepsie, "if that was Lady's mamma, who has come back after all! Oh, how dreadful that she was n't here to see her!" and then poor Pepsie cried, and would not be consoled.

(To be continued.)

## A GIANT WITH A SWEET TOOTH.

BY CARYL D. HASKINS.

AN elephant may be taught to dance, to ride a velocipede, to stand on his head, and to do other wonderful things; and his keepers have found, by long experience, that one of the most effectual methods of teaching these feats is to reward the great pupil with some dainty bit to eat. He will work hard and long for a single lump of crisp, white sugar, and push aside, with scarcely a glance, food which other captive animals would be only too glad to receive.

Nor is his taste for tidbits the result of life in captivity; the wild elephants of the far-away East are quite as fond of dainties as their more civilized brethren, and almost every day of their lives, to obtain their much-loved sweets, they perform feats nearly as wonderful as those taught the trained elephants by their keepers.

With the exception of Ceylon, which seems to be truly an elephants' paradise, full of everything that even the most particular of the monsters could desire, the haunts of the elephant, both African and Indian, are far from well-stocked with the sweet bits for which they seek; and even such as there are, may be hidden away under the earth or hung far up overhead, in such a situation as to make their possession quite impossible, except by the use of skill and intelligence.

One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa-tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows and lowlands of central Africa.

When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots, especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics.

If the tree is loose, the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk firmly round the tree, and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here; experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over, and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk.

African travelers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by mischievous fairies, than to suppose hungry elephants had been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts, and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one—or, if he cannot find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them, as if they were crowbars, deep under the roots, and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it and it goes toppling over, leaving the clever elephant victorious.

But the elephant does not feed on roots only; the fruits of several trees are much preferred to the tenderest roots or juiciest leaves and grasses, and to secure these fruits the elephant can be both intelligent and persevering.

In the northern part of Central Africa, almost as far north as these animals are now found wild, grows an enormous tree, the fruit of which is perhaps the favorite food of all known to these fruit eaters. But the elephant can not deal with this sturdy forest monarch as he would with other trees, for in size and strength it holds among fruit-trees almost the rank that the elephant does among the beasts, and it defies him to do it harm. Its wiry roots, deep planted in

the warm soil, are too firm to be torn up, and its mighty stem successfully resists any attempt to break or even to bend it.

But far up in the air among the lofty branches hang at the proper season great masses of fruit, a temptation to every passing elephant, and a prize to be possessed at any cost.

Devising ways to secure this fruit placed thus just out of reach, has, without doubt, given rise to much thought among the clever elephants; for, unquestionably, waiting for the fruit to fall unassisted, in that land where the wind so seldom blows, would be very weary work, since the fruit is scarcely larger than a plum. And even were a score to fall at a time, they would not go far toward satisfying an elephant's appetite.

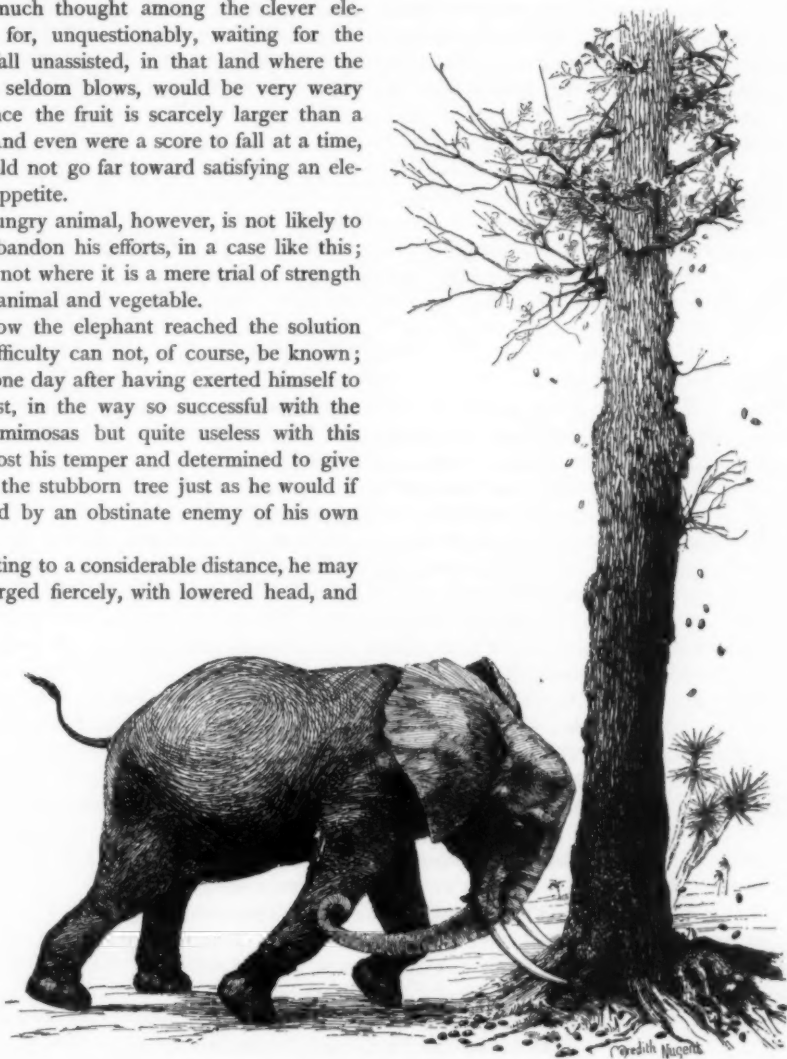
The hungry animal, however, is not likely to tamely abandon his efforts, in a case like this; certainly not where it is a mere trial of strength between animal and vegetable.

Just how the elephant reached the solution of the difficulty can not, of course, be known; perhaps one day after having exerted himself to his utmost, in the way so successful with the yielding mimosas but quite useless with this tree, he lost his temper and determined to give battle to the stubborn tree just as he would if confronted by an obstinate enemy of his own kind.

Retreating to a considerable distance, he may have charged fiercely, with lowered head, and

struck the forest king so heavy a blow with his great forehead, that the tree trembled and shook in every branch, and the fruits, jarred from their resting-places far above, came rattling down in a perfect shower, a peace-offering likely to appease the enraged animal.

But, however the lesson was learned, it was not forgotten,—for all the elephants understand



A CLEVER ELEPHANT.

the trick, and can secure the dainty sweets with very little more effort than they would bestow on obtaining any other fruit.

Trees, however, are not the only sufferers from the appetite for dainties and the ready wit of these great forest rangers.

In some parts of Africa, one may come upon large spaces of land which have exactly the appearance of newly plowed fields in far-away lands of civilization, land which seems to await the coming of the sower; but this "plowing" is again the work of the ever-industrious elephants, who with the sturdy plows of ivory

which nature has bestowed upon them for so many uses, turn up the soil almost as well as the farmer with his patent plow.

But the elephants do not tear up the earth in this way as a preparation for planting, but to gather a harvest. Their delicate sense of smell has assured them that here lie buried in the friendly soil quantities of a certain delicious and juicy bulb which forms one of the elephants' most plentiful and best-prized foods. These bulbs they unearth, and gathering them up with their sensitive trunks, reap a delicious reward for their labor and intelligence.

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## AN ALPHABET OF RIVERS.

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BY "THE TRAVELER."

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A STANDS for the AMAZON, mighty and grand,  
And the B's BERESINA, on Muscovy's strand,  
The placid CHARLES River will fit for the C,  
While the beautiful DANUBE is ready for D.  
The E is the ELBE in Deutschland far North,  
And the first F, I find, strange to say, is the FORTH.

The great river GANGES can go for the G,  
And for H our blue HUDSON will certainly be;

The quaint IRRRAWADDY for I has its claims,  
And the J is the limpid and beautiful JAMES.

The K is for KAMA, I know in a jiffy,  
And the L is the LOIRE and the prosperous LIFFEY.  
For M we have plenty to choose from, and well,  
There 's the noble MISSOURI, the gentle MOSELLE.

For N we have NILE, and the ONION is O,  
While for P you can choose the gray PRUTH or the Po.

The Q is the QUINEBAUG, one of our own,  
But the R comes to front with the RHINE and the RHONE.  
For the S there 's the SHANNON, a beautiful stream,  
And the T is the TIBER where Rome reigns supreme.

The URAL, I think, will with U quite agree,

And the turbulent VOLGA will fit for the V.

The W's WESER, and XENIL is X

(You may find it spelled with a J, to perplex).

Then for Y, YANG-TSE-KIANG is simple and easy,  
And to end the long list with a Z, take ZAMBESI.

## JACK AND JILL REYNARD.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.



JACK and Jill Reynard, before I became acquainted with them, lived in a deep dark valley in the Sierra Madre Mountains of Southern California; a cañon that was a green river in its beauty of foliage, as it wound away for miles through the heart of the mighty range.

Jack and Jill were mountain folk, having their home in the thick growth of

greasewood and manzanita\* that covered the slopes; perhaps lying on isolated rocks in sunny places during the day, and only occasionally venturing down into the lowland at night, when their human enemies were sound asleep.

If foxes talk, I have no doubt that Jack and Jill were cautioned about these lowland expeditions by certain old and gray foxes, and warned that there was danger even at night. Be this as it may, Jack became the unfortunate possessor of the secret, brought perhaps on the wind itself, that in a certain ranch yard there were some dainty young chickens.

Jack, apparently, did not trust his secret to anyone, not even to his friend Jill; and one night, when it was very dark and even the coyotes did not care to venture out, he strolled down the mountain, crept through the manzanita brush to a trail, and gaily trotted down into the valley.

Jack failed to appear the next morning, or the next thereafter; and Jill, in all probability,

decided to look for him. At all events, on another night when the moon was but a faint crescent against the sky, she stole quietly away, following the same trail over which Jack had passed a few nights before until she saw a ranch house where lights were gleaming; then she stopped, raised her pointed nose high in air and sniffed, looked about her and sniffed again. As she stepped around a tall yucca, she made out in the darkness a chicken roosting on a limb of greasewood. Here was a supper; and with a quick jump Jill seized the fowl. Then came a sharp quick sound, and, uttering a cry of fear, poor Jill found herself caught in the jaws of a steel trap that held her fast. Struggles, tears (if foxes cry), moans, and howls were of no avail, but Jill fought fitfully for freedom throughout the long night. In the morning the rancher appeared, smiling as if he knew where Jack had gone. He released poor terrified Jill, and, instead of killing her, handled her injured paw carefully; so gently, in fact, that she made no attempt to bite. Taking her under his arm he strode down to the ranch, jumped into his carriage, and an hour later drove into an orange-grove in Pasadena. Here the first thing Jill saw, when released from the bag in which she had been carried, was Master Jack sitting under an orange-tree, with a fine collar about his neck, and looking as comfortable as you please except that he was holding up one paw. So he, too, had fallen a victim to the trap!

Jill was soon provided with a collar and chain and tied to the same tree; and so they met again.

Exactly what they said, I can not pretend to tell; but what I think they said, as I watched them from my window, was this:

"Did you come down to find me, Jill?"

Jack seemed to ask.

\* A dense, mahogany-colored shrub which grows in the western United States.



"Yes, and I was caught in a trap," was Jill's answer.

"So was I," he must have said, for he held up his paw and groaned dismally.

"Ah! if you had not made such a secret of it, if you had been generous and told me about the ranch, I could have gone with you and we should not have been here," was what Jill had to

glossy fur and brushes, and became members of the family. Occasionally there was a little trouble. Mouse and Dinah, the two greyhounds of whom you have read in *St. Nicholas*, grew jealous of the attention of their mistress. To stand by and see a fox, or worse, two foxes, have a whole chop and then be offered the bones, was too much to bear; so, as



TAKING THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS. (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

say next. "You were going to eat that chicken alone, Jack. You know you were."

"Did you bite that man coming down?" asked Jack, probably being quite willing to change the subject.

"No," Jill replied.

Though Jack had been very savage at first, Jack and Jill grew tamer each day, and never attempted to bite their mistress. They ate from her hand, liked to have her stroke their fine

soon as their mistress was out of sight, Mouse or Dinah would draw near, and while one attracted the foxes' attention, the other would steal the chop. This went on for some time, and Jack had almost made up his mind to bite some one,—in fact, he did give his mistress one little nip,—before the reason was discovered.

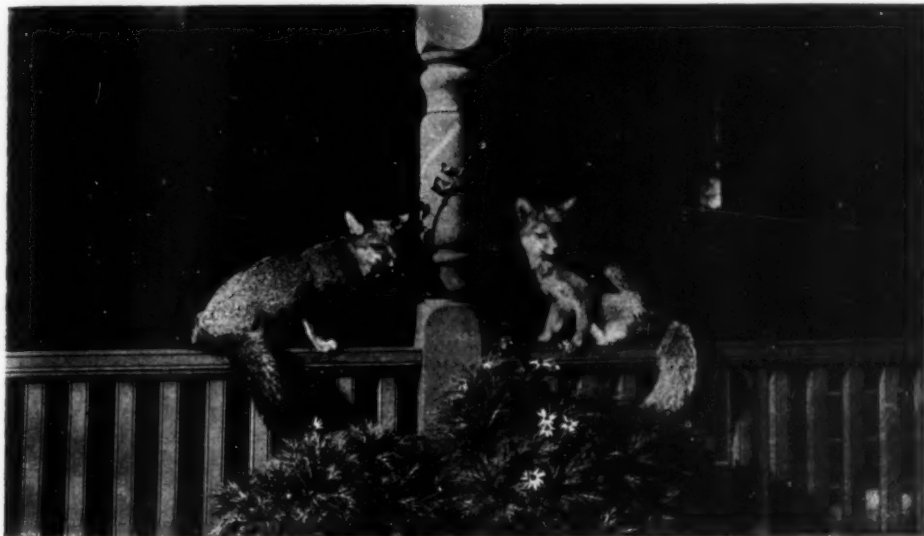
Jack and Jill grew fatter every day, and I often saw them looking in the direction of the little stream, with ears up, evidently listening to

the sound of waters that came from their mountain home.

As a rule they were taken to the barn at night. Once, however, they were forgotten, and a coyote roamed up through the grove and undoubtedly would have made a late supper; but here a curious trick of Southern California foxes came into play and saved them. They both climbed the tree and from the top branches looked down on Don Coyote, who could but stand upon his

were so attractive, it was decided that they must have their pictures taken. So one day a very patient photographer succeeded in making the accompanying picture of them.

Now, whether they thought that the picture might be used in identifying them in case of an escape I do not know; but neither fox would look up when placed on the piazza railing; and it took three grown persons, beside boys and dogs, to keep their attention; then, just as the



JACK AND JILL REYNARD.

hind legs and give utterance to his weird laughing bark. How Jack and Jill gained the top of the tree might be a mystery to my readers in the East, for foxes there, as a rule, do not climb trees; but this pair shinned up in a way well known to active boys. In fox-hunting here, I have known the sly Reynards to leap into a tree, climb and reach from its branches the limbs of a tall sycamore, and, by following the masses of vines which interlace the arroyo, or little stream, travel for some distance without touching the ground, to the confusion of the fox-hounds, who sought in vain for the scent.

Jack and Jill soon regained their spirits, and when the lame paws were cured, they were as bright foxes as ever stole a chicken; and as they

photographer was ready, Jack would look down again and Jill would follow suit. Finally, the photographer imitated the cries of dogs, cats, and various animals, the boys shouted, I snapped the whip and threatened them with the pack of fox-hounds (only too willing to dine upon them), their mistress waved a white banner from the balcony above, until, amid a perfect pandemonium, Jack and Jill looked up, the camera clicked—and here they are.

But one day Jack escaped. Whether frightened by the photographer, or the Valley Hunt fox-hounds, or overcome by homesickness, no one knows; but the following morning he was gone, and the truth of history requires the statement that Jill "went tumbling after."



NOT AN APPLE LEFT!

## FOUND IN THE FORECASTLE.

BY W. J. HENDERSON.



GOOD MORNING, Papa," said little Violet, running across the deck; "this is my birthday, you know."

"So it is, my little girl," said Mr. Davidson, lifting the flaxen-haired child in

his arms and kissing her; "and here we are in the middle of the Atlantic. Is n't that about right, Captain?"

"Yes," said Captain Bedford, balancing his short rotund body on his stout legs and sending a cheery smile out of his keen gray eyes over his plump red cheeks and across his straight little nose. "We shall be about half way across, this afternoon. And so it's your birthday, is it, little one? Well, God bless you, and may you have many of them."

"Thank you, Captain," said the child; "and I wish you many of them too."

"And what is my little girl going to do to celebrate her eighth birthday?" asked Mr. Davidson.

"I am going all over the ship," she said, "and if I find any sick or poor people I'm going to give them some money."

"Where are you going to get the money?" asked her father.

"Why, from you, of course!" she exclaimed. Mr. Davidson laughed. He was very close with his money and seemed an unhappy man; but Violet could have had the earth if it had been in his gift.

"Captain," she said, "will you let me go all over the ship?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I must send some one with you."

"Oh, I can take care of myself," she said.

"You might get lost, though," said Captain Bedford, laughing. "Quartermaster, go with this little lady and show her over the ship."

"Aye, aye, sir," said the old seaman, smiling with pleasure at his task.

The child placed her tiny hand trustfully in the sailor's big, gnarled fist, and went tripping along beside him, chattering as if she had known him ever since her brown eyes opened on the world.

The big ocean liner, "City of Albany," was plowing her way westward. She was not one of the ocean greyhounds, and although five days out from Liverpool, she had five days ahead of her before Fire Island light would heave up over the "distant purple rim of the sea." Mr. Davidson was a very rich man. He had been traveling in Europe for two months in quest of needed recreation, for he had fairly worn himself out with hard chasing after the fleeting dollar. Violet was his only comfort, for her mother was dead; and he had taken the child with him because he could not bear a day's separation from her. She was the one being whom he loved, the only creature who could find the way to the soft spot in his heart. He gratified her every wish, and had she not been a child of the loveliest disposition, she would have been hopelessly spoiled. But her sweet nature seemed to be above all thoughts of selfishness, and Mr. Davidson, as he realized this, felt that his daughter was much less like him than like her noble mother, who was lying at rest in the shadows of Woodlawn.

Down in the forecabin, a swinging ship's lantern was throwing a fitful and unsteady glimmer of light across a bunk in which lay a sick sailor boy. He was a slight young fellow, with fair hair that hung in curls about his hot and throbbing brow. He did not look strong enough for the bitterly hard life of a sailor; yet he was on the ship's papers as an able seaman. One would have fancied him better suited to the helm of a pretty little yacht than to the grimy forecabin of an ocean steamer.

There was a head-sea on, and the sick lad could feel himself suddenly lifted and swung high up with an irresistible rush. Then he would

go plunging down again, and the next sea would meet the descending bows and smite them a mighty blow, which would ring through the iron hollows of the hull with clanging reverberations. As some sea heavier than its fellows would strike a more than usually powerful blow, the boy would turn restlessly on his pillow and mutter:

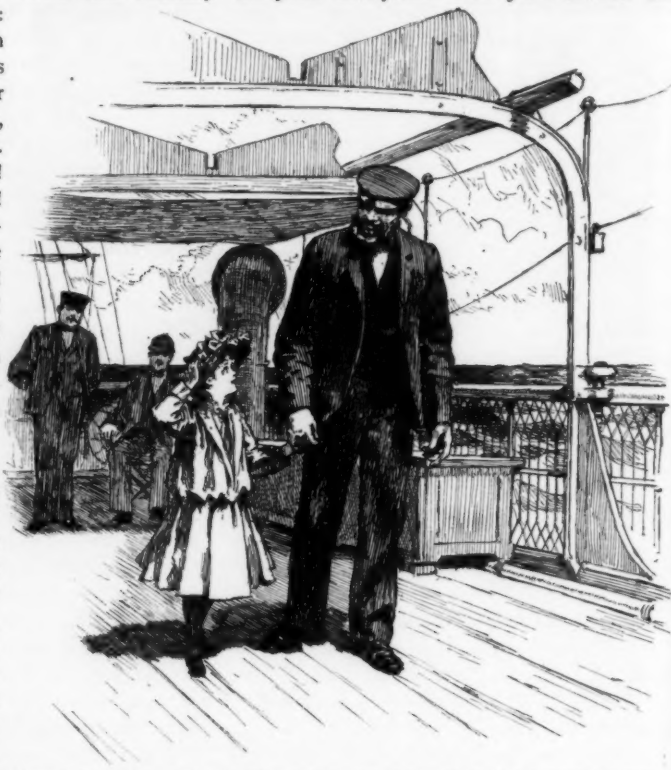
"Lay aloft there! Man the fore-topsail clew-lines and bunt-lines; weather fore-topsail brace! No, Father, I can't stand it. Settle away the halliards! Brace in and clew down! I'm going now; good-bye, good-bye. Ease off the weather sheet! Clew up to windward! Ease away the lee sheet! Clew up to leeward! It's going to blow harder to-night. No, Father, it's no use. I can't."

"Here, take a drap o' this," said a voice beside him; and a spoonful of medicine was held against his lips. "The boy's got somethin' onto his mind."

And old John Bloater, having returned the medicine bottle to its place and made a record of the time, sat down again on his three-legged camp-stool and resumed his watch. He had been detailed to nurse the sick boy, because they had been shipmates before in a sailing-ship, and had become attached to one another. The lad had shipped in Liverpool on the previous voyage of the "City of Albany," and just after returning to that port had fallen sick. His case did not appear to be serious, and he was not sent to a hospital; but when the ship was clear of the Channel, he became much worse and was put to bed.

Old John Bloater was not a handsome man. He had a low, bulging forehead and bushy gray

eyebrows, beneath which his little black eyes gleamed like coals half smothered in ashes. His cheeks were very red and flabby, and his nose was round, small, and purple, betraying the fact that its owner had engaged in many fierce bouts with that common enemy of the sailor, old John Barleycorn. But John Bloater had



"THE CHILD PLACED HER TINY HAND TRUSTFULLY IN THE SAILOR'S BIG, GNARLED FIST, AND WENT TRIPPING ALONG BESIDE HIM."

many good qualities, in spite of the fact that he was not the sort of man whom you would invite to a dinner party. He was honest, and he was loyal to his friends; and he had nursed the sick boy as faithfully as a woman, if not quite so tenderly. Very particular he was about the medicines, too. There were three kinds, one of them being plain whisky, which John loved; but he would n't have touched it for the world, because it was for the sick boy. The old sailor had made three becketts—little loops of rope—on the bulkhead beside



the bunk, and had slung the three bottles in them. The bottle upon the left hand had a piece of red flannel tied around its neck, and that on the right had a piece of green bunting. The center bottle was unadorned. Under the bottles was pinned a long slip of dirty paper, on which was written in a quaint, cramped hand the following

TIME TABLE.		
Port.	Grog.	Starboard.
<i>Cronometer.</i>	<i>Cronometer.</i>	<i>Cronometer.</i>
10:28:52	1:00:05	11:30:10
12:29:30		1:30:00
2:29:14	2:00:15	3:29:57
4:29:22		5:24:48
6:28:59	7:01:00	7:30:16
8:28:56		

"What on earth have you done to those bottles?" asked the ship's doctor when he first saw these arrangements.

"Marked 'em so 's there can't be no mistakes," said old John Bloater. "Starboard an' port medicals, an' grog. Starboard medical, green; port medical, red; grog, nothin'. 'Cause why? Any sailor man wot can't tell grog without no mark onto it ought'er be a marine."

And the doctor perceived that old John's arrangement of the bottles, together with his timetable kept to the very second, insured accuracy in the administration of the medicines; and he departed, thoroughly confident of the strange nurse's carefulness and of his full ability to discharge his duties.

Old John Bloater was sitting in silence, shaking his head sadly over the mutterings of his patient, when the quartermaster and Violet, in making their rounds of the ship, at length reached the forecastle.

"Oh," exclaimed Violet, "what an ugly place!"

John rose to his feet as quickly as he could, and, seeing the beautiful child, involuntarily took off his cap and made an awkward bow.

"Yes, Missy," he said, "it ain't a putty place; but it 's where sailor men lives, for all that."

"But you have a sick man here."

"Wal, he ain't hardly wot you might call a

man, seein' as how he 's only twenty years old an' don't look that; an' yet he 's be'n to sea fur four year, an' he 's as good a sailor man as ever I see, Missy."

"He 's terribly sick, is n't he?" asked the child in a subdued tone.

"Yes, Missy, he 's just about as sick as he kin be without goin' below hatches; but yet I reckon as how he 's a-goin' to pull through. 'Cause why? He 's young an' strong an' a mighty good boy, an' I—I—well, blow it all! he ain't a-goin' to die ef I kin help it!"

And old John Bloater turned away and drew his hand across his eyes.

"But he 'll never get well in this place. It rocks so."

"T ain't edzackly wot you might call rockin', Missy," said John. "Don't you see we 're right up in the eyes of her here? But every time she jumps a sea, she takes him right along toward home."

"Does he live in New York?"

"I could n't rightly say that. 'Cause why? Ever since I knowed him he 's be'n a-livin' in forecastles, like this one; but he come from New York, I b'lieve, Missy."

"Well, I 'm going to ask the captain to put him in a better place than this."

"Lor' bless you, Missy, there ain't no better place fur sailor men aboard ship."

"I don't care. He ought to have a state-room."

Old John Bloater's eyes grew as round as saucers, and he stood shaking with laughter as the child took the quartermaster's hand and went out.

"Papa," said Violet, entering Captain Bedford's room, where her father was engaged in a game of chess with the skipper, "I 've been all over the ship, and it 's not nice at all."

"I was afraid that you would n't like it much, dear," said the captain.

"I don't. But, Papa, I 've found a poor sick sailor, and I want him put in a better room."

"But, my dear child—" began Mr. Davidson.

"Now, don't talk like that, Papa. He 's only a young boy. 'He ain't hardly wot you might call a man,'" she said, unconsciously re-

peating old John Bloater's words; "and he 's an American, too."

"Well, I 'm very sorry for him, Violet," said Mr. Davidson.

"All right," replied the child, decisively; "then you 'll come with me and see him."

greatly surprised by the entrance of these three distinguished visitors.

"How 's your patient, Bloater?" asked the captain.

"Wal, sir, he don't seem no better nor no wuss to me; but the doctor says as how he 's doin' as wal as might be supposed."

At this moment the ship's doctor entered, and immediately paused on seeing the sick boy's visitors.

"Now, Papa," said Violet; "here 's the doctor. I want you to ask him if this sick man would n't get well sooner if he was in a better place."

The doctor looked at Mr. Davidson and shrugged his shoulders, as much as to say that it would be a good thing for the patient, but that he did not see how it could be done.

"Lay aloft!" the sick boy cried out. "Man the boom tricing-lines! Trice up! Lay out and loose! Oh, I can't stand it, Father; I *must* go."

Mr. Davidson started and turned very white. "Bring the lantern," he said in an unsteady voice, "so that I can see his face."

Old John Bloater wondering-ly obeyed, and Mr. Davidson stepped up to the bunk and bent over the sufferer.

"It is!" he exclaimed, staggering back and dropping into John's camp-stool.

For a moment he was silent;

then, lifting his head, he said:

"Captain Bedford, that boy is my son!"

"Holy mackerel!" exclaimed old John.

The others were silent with astonishment.

"He ran away from home at the age of sixteen," said Mr. Davidson. "I drove him to it; I was too hard with him, just after his mother's death. I tried to force him into business, when all his tastes ran to art. He had talent, and I tried to crush it. I pray that he may be spared



"'HERE, TAKE A DRAF O' THIS,' SAID OLD JOHN BLOATER."

Mr. Davidson looked at Captain Bedford, who said in reply to the look:

"The young fellow is very sick, but I believe he is very well taken care of. However, there is no objection to your going to see him, if you wish to humor her."

"Come along then, Violet," said Mr. Davidson. "I 'll go with you."

"I 'll go too," said the captain.

A few moments later old John Bloater was

to me now, or my punishment will be too great for me to bear."

Before evening the sick boy was removed to a comfortable stateroom, and old John was de-

For answer the boy put his arm lovingly around his father's neck.

"And is this dear little girl," he asked, "my sister?"



"'YES,' SAID VIOLET, 'I 'M YOUR LITTLE SISTER.'"

tailed by the captain's special order to continue nursing him. Violet, who had been but three years old when the boy ran away, could hardly understand that this young sailor was the big brother whom she hardly remembered. In two days, however, he had made such progress that he was able to recognize every one.

"Harry," said his father bending over him, "come home, and be my son again!"

"Yes," said Violet, "I 'm your little sister."

"It's more than I deserve," he said, kissing her.

Harry's sailing is now confined to summer cruises in his handsome little sloop yacht. Old John Bloater has left the sea, and is janitor of Mr. Davidson's place of business. But his chief delight is to act as crew of that little yacht in the summer.

## AN OLD FRIEND.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

OH, whom did you meet, my children sweet, as out of the door you ran  
This sparkling autumn morning? — Now tell me if you can!  
What is it you say? "Not a living thing, except high up in the blue  
We saw the white gulls sailing as we came down to you."

But surely somebody met you as you ran skipping out,  
With your merry morning laughter and many a joyous shout,  
And kissed your lips and cheeks and chin — "Thea, we tell you true,  
We did n't meet any living thing as we danced down to you."

But who then has made your cheeks so red, and nipped each dear little nose,  
And kissed your lips till they glow as bright as my crimson Burgundy rose?  
You did n't see but you felt the stranger,— did n't you? Well, he came  
Last night across the ocean, and Jack Frost is his name!



Aha, you did n't remember him, did you, my darlings twain !  
 A year ago he brought the snow, and here he is again ;  
 And he 's always ready and waiting as soon as the summer 's done,  
 Full of his tricks and his antics, just brimming over with fun.

He frightens the poor little flowers to death, but you don't mind him at all !  
 He cracks the chestnut-burs in the woods and lets the brown nuts fall ;  
 He covers the laughing little brook with a lid of sparkling ice,  
 And he hunts for cricket and grasshopper and hushes their noise in a trice.

He was riding on the wind, full tilt, when you came out of the door,  
 And he said to himself, " Here are some friends I think I 've seen before !  
 Here are two little girls I met last year, and I 'll toss their yellow hair,  
 And paint their cheeks, and pinch their ears, and follow them everywhere."

Ah, dear round cheeks so fresh and pink with the touch of gay Jack Frost,  
 My little girls with the shining eyes and gold hair lightly tossed !  
 I laugh to think you could n't guess who met you on your way,  
 As you danced down to your Thea, this bright October day.

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## THROUGH THE BACK AGES.

BY TERESA C. CROFTON.

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### SEVENTH PAPER.

#### *An Ice World.*

THE ice period properly belongs in the middle of the last age ; but it is of such importance that it deserves a place all by itself.

Hitherto our beautiful old world had never had a touch of frost. The poles were beginning to cool, for the crust was thickening and the earth was depending upon the sun for heat ; but there had been no such thing as ice—no frost. The giant mammals did not know what cold meant. Suddenly it came, and probably they never knew what killed them. It seems from the way the bodies are found, that they were overwhelmed by water which froze instantly ; otherwise the bodies would not be so perfect. What caused this sudden change, no one can tell. Different causes are suggested. Something may have happened to move part of

the earth farther away from the sun, thus lessening the heat. You know what is meant by the earth's axis, and that the ends of the axis are the poles. It is known for certain that the poles have not always been where they are now. Some great shock may have upset the earth. One geologist thinks that it came in contact with comets and turned over ; but how this turn-over made the sudden cold is a mystery. Others are of opinion that something kept the sun for a time from giving the usual heat to the earth.

Whatever the cause, vast fields of ice filled plains, valleys, and seas. They filled the rivers, crept up on their banks, stretched out to the hills, and covered them. So deep was the ice that it filled the lowest valleys, and few were the peaks high enough to rise above its surface. Mount Washington was just tall enough to show its head. Desolate wastes of ice and snow were



everywhere. There was no sound of running water, for the rivers and brooks were stilled.

These great ice-seas each had a central point or line from which they seem to have started. In North America there were three such beginnings situated where the most rain now falls. One ran down the well-watered Atlantic side of the continent, and the ice-seas which spread away from this were very deep and wide; a second ran down the Pacific side; and a third followed the high ridges of the Rocky Mountains.

In Europe, the mountains of the region now called Norway and Sweden were the starting-point, and the ice stretched from these far away on the east into what is now Russia, into where Germany lies on the south, and completely covered what was to be Great Britain.

In high valleys, among the mountains whose tops are covered with perpetual snow, are often found seas of ice, called "glaciers." They are formed thus: Snow that falls upon lofty mountains melts very little even in summer. So in valleys high up among the mountains, it gathers to a great depth, and from the weight of the snow lying above the lower layers becomes icy, as a snowball does when squeezed. The upper crust melts a little during the heat of the day, and the water sinks down through the snow, and then freezes at night. From this melting and freezing the mass of snow is soon changed into a sea of ice.

Remember that when water freezes, it expands. If we fill a bottle with water and let it freeze over night, in the morning we find that the bottle is cracked by the swelling of the ice. So it is with the water that forms glaciers. When it freezes, it stretches, and pushes its way down in whatever direction the valleys slope.

Glaciers of to-day are much smaller than the ice-seas of long ago; but still, in studying them, we learn to understand the old glaciers.

In traveling down valleys those ancient glaciers left traces of their journey. Over all the places where the ice-seas passed, the rocks are rounded and highly polished. A field of these rounded rocks, when seen from a distance, looks like a field filled with sheep crouching on the ground, and Swiss geologists have called them *roches moutonnées*—"sheep-like rocks." In a

valley along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, near the "Mountain of the Holy Cross," there is a beautiful display of these polished, rounded rocks.

As the glaciers moved down the valleys, great rocks, frozen fast in the ice on the sides and at the bottom, scratched and marked other rocks as they passed by and over them. Sometimes these scorings are very broad and deep, for the immense rocks the glaciers carried were like strong, powerful tools in the grasp of a mighty engine; sometimes the lines are as fine as those of a fine engraving. They usually run all one way, and by looking at the direction in which the lines run one can tell the direction in which the glacier moved. In the sandstone west of New Haven, Connecticut, the deep, broad scorings can be plainly seen, running toward the southeast. The height at which these scratches occur tells us something of the depth of the ice.

Markings in the White Mountains indicate that the ice was more than a mile deep over the region now known as northern New England.

Wherever the glaciers melted, they left an immense amount of "drift,"—that is, sand, gravel, and stones of all sizes, which had been frozen in the ice when the glaciers were forming. The northeastern part of the continent, down to Long Island, New York, is thickly covered with it. It changed the face of the country in a great many cases, filling up valleys and changing the courses of rivers. The bed over which the Niagara River formerly flowed was so filled up with drift that the river slowly cut a new way for itself out of the solid rock, and in this new channel it flows to-day.

The stones of this drift are of all sizes. Some are as small as pebbles, others as large as small houses. There is one at Bradford, Massachusetts, which measures thirty feet each way, and weighs four and a half million pounds. There is another on a ledge in Vermont which is even larger than that, and which must have been carried by the ice across a valley lying five hundred feet below where the stone now is, showing that the ice was five hundred feet thick. Great boulders of trap-rock extend through Connecticut on a line running to Long Island Sound; and as some of the same kind are found in Long Island, the glacier is believed to have crossed

the Sound, carrying these rocks with it. An immense statue of Peter the Great, in St. Petersburg, stands on one of these glacier boulders of solid granite, which weighs three million pounds. One of the largest boulders in America is in the Indian village of Mohegan, near Montville, Connecticut. The Indians call the rock "Shehegan." Its top, which is flat and as large as the floor of a good-sized room, is reached by a ladder.

Sometimes these boulders are found perched upon bare ledges of rock, so nicely balanced that, though of great weight, they may be rocked by the hand. They are called "rocking-stones." A picture of one is in ST. NICHOLAS for March, 1888. Near the little Connecticut village of Noank, on Long Island Sound, there is an immense boulder called by the people there "Jemmy's Pulpit." It was formerly a rocking-stone. But the rock has worn away below it and it can no longer be moved.

Some of these boulders have been carried great distances by the moving ice. In Ohio and Michigan, some are found which have been thus moved four hundred miles. This is ascertained by finding where rock like the boulder is located. For instance, on the top of Mount Katahdin, the highest mountain in Maine, pieces of limestone with fossil remains in them occur. No such rock can be found anywhere nearer than in a ledge many miles to the northwest. So these pieces must have been carried by the glaciers from the northwest ledge.

When we think of those immense seas of ice, over a mile deep, and extending across continents, creeping slowly down the slopes, we can form some idea of the terrible effects they produced. Rocks were broken up and ground to dust. Valleys were deeply plowed out and widened. Geologists say there are good reasons for believing that the lakes of British America and our Great Lakes were once only river valleys which the glaciers "scooped" out and made into lake-beds.

Some have attempted to prove that a large

part of the work ascribed to glaciers is the effect of icebergs floating in a sea which then covered these regions. But no one who has studied the doings of glaciers of the present day can ever be convinced of this. The work of the glaciers is so different from that of icebergs that there can be no mistake. Icebergs, of course, contain quantities of earth and stone. The Banks of Newfoundland are made of the earth and stone which icebergs have carried down for ages past. Icebergs *do* plow up dirt and sand; but it requires some strong, powerful body, moving both more steadily and more slowly, to make these parallel grooves and scratches in the rocks, and to polish their surfaces. Besides, there are no sea-shells in the drift, as there would be had it been left by icebergs.

As for animals, we know that these desolate fields of ice and snow could support none. Still it may be that the ice-fields did not cover all the earth at the same time, and animals may have lived in some places, while others were having their ice-age. It is certain, however, that some species of animals, and also of plants, were then lost forever; among them those gigantic animals resembling our elephants, which before this sudden cooling made the regions now called Northern Europe and Siberia their herding-ground.

Now what was the purpose of this ice-age? According to Agassiz, the glaciers were God's great plows; and when the ice vanished from the earth, it left a surface prepared for the husbandman. It ground up limestone and granite, mixed them together, and thus made a soil fit for grain to grow in, so that there might be food for a higher order of beings than any yet created. The ice-age was an important link in a grandly perfect chain, and was just the preparation which the earth needed for the age to follow, although there seems at first so great a difference between our fertile fields with their wealth of grain and those cheerless wastes of snow and ice.

## TO A LITTLE CHAP.

BY MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.



HEY! Niddy  
Noddy,  
What is this I see!  
Vowing he is no'  
for bed,  
While his bonny  
drowsy head  
Tosses there an' tosses  
here,  
Like a ship at sea!

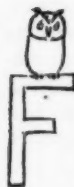
Winking an' blinking,  
Eyes in shadow creep  
Straying an' playing  
Hide and seek wi' sleep;  
Whiles the flying laughter slips up his face  
astray,  
Whiles the dimples round his lips fleet and fly  
away,—  
Not a notion, gude or bad,  
Is in that golden head,

Hoot! my weeny silly lad,  
Off wi' ye to bed!

Ho! Niddy Noddy,  
An' are ye waking yet!  
Sitting there without a word,  
Gaping like a hungry bird,  
Is na that a weary sight  
To mak' a body fret!  
M'undering an' blundering  
Along his sleepy way,  
Lowering an' glowering  
Wi' nought at all to say;  
Daur ye now to tell a fib,—say it is na late,—  
Wi' yon little lanesome crib waiting for its  
mate!  
Mickle seense, or gude or bad,  
Is in that pretty head,  
But an ye 'd mak' it more, my lad,—  
Off wi' ye to bed!

## THE WONDERFUL PEAR-TREE.

BY JOHN CARSON PEMBROKE.



FROM the routes of the stage-coaches, in a certain small town, there lived nearly a century ago, an old miser. Being mortal, this old miser died; and he left no near relatives to mourn or pretend to mourn the loss which would have been their gain. There was much curiosity in the village as to what would become of the old man's money, and for a long time this wish for information was not gratified.

But after the lawyers had buzzed about over the dead man's estate, and after the postman had departed very proudly one morning with a long letter sealed with several large black seals, and after all the eight-day clocks in the village had been wound and unwound twice, it was whispered about that an heir had been found for 'the old man's money.

Better than that, it was learned that the postman had brought the heir back with him from

the last journey; and, still better, the postman was expected at the inn, and when he came would tell all that he knew. When evening came the inn was crowded, but not much was said. All were waiting for the postman.

Of course he was late; he knew that his importance would be gone as soon as his news was told. Taking a chair modestly near the doorway, the postman sat himself down.

"Good-evening, neighbor," said the village schoolmaster.

"Good-evening, one and all," replied the postman.

"What news?" asked the schoolmaster.

"Little enough," replied the postman. "Have you heard that the heir has been found?"

There was a sudden scraping of chairs, as the curious crowd gathered nearer.

"So it has been said of late," replied the schoolmaster, with fitting reserve. "And it has also been asserted by some that none know better than yourself who and what the heir may be."

"That I do," said the postman, trying to look humble; "that I do, neighbors. In fact, as some of you may know, I had the good fortune to ride to town to-night with the youth who, for aught I know, will soon be the richest of all of us."

"If it would not be an impropriety," said the schoolmaster, stroking his chin, "why not recount such particulars of his lineage, manners, calling, and way of life as he may have confided to you without seal of secrecy?"

This bold advance to an understanding met with much favor—though there were those who thought such bluntness of address did no credit to the schoolmaster's shrewdness.

Seeing that further delay would not add to either his popularity or his importance, the postman began his story. It was not a long one. He had, it seems, been instructed by the lawyers to meet the young man at a certain inn, called the "Blue Basin and Ladle," situated in a seaport town some leagues away. From the young man himself it had been learned that he came from a distant colony, where he had been traveling for several years.

"He is," said the postman, "a second cousin, I believe—or possibly a niece's son. At all

events he is the nearest living relative, and will inherit all the property."

"And what nature of a man may he be?" asked the landlord.

"It's hard for a simple man to tell," answered the postman, stroking his chin. "He seems to me an odd fish. He carried a fiddle on his back; sang queer songs in a gibberish no one could understand; hobnobbed with a traveling Gipsy tinker whom we met upon the road; made friends with the post-horses, and even cured one of a lame forefoot. But he said nothing to me; never inquired about his new neighbors; and when I asked him about the crops, said that he could n't wait to see them grow, and advised me to save my breath for the hills on the road. In fact, for a time I could n't decide whether he was a crazy loon or a simpleton."

"And to what conclusion did you come at last?" asked the schoolmaster.

Before this question could be answered, a knock was heard on the door. "Come in, and welcome!" shouted the host. The door opened and there entered an old Gipsy, once a tramp, now a peddler, who sometimes came to the town to sell knives and other small cutlery and to do tinkering. Room was made for him without a further word of greeting, and putting his pack on the floor he sat down.

The postman, however, had not forgotten the landlord's question, and now answered it, adding enough information to interest the old Gipsy, and thus include him in the audience—for the postman was of the race of gossips, and would talk to a rag-doll rather than keep silent.

"This young man from foreign parts," said he, "who has now fallen heir to the old miser's gold, seems, to put it very fairly and to do justice to all concerned, neither more nor less than a *ninny*. In truth, he knows next to nothing; and if we may believe the old adage about a fool and a fool's money, we shall live to see him leave the town as penniless as he entered it."

There were a few questions asked and answered, and then the talk turned to other things.

Several weeks passed on; the old miser's money—commonly declared to be in rolls of bright goldpieces, and to have been found stowed

cunningly away, as a dog hides bones—was handed over to his heir. The young man certainly had nothing in his appearance or bearing to contradict the very unfavorable judgment delivered by the postman. In fact, acquaintance with him had led the villagers to think the postman right.

No one had noticed, that night at the inn, how attentively the old Gipsy listened to all that was said. And no one thought it at all strange that on the Gipsy's next visit to the town he should call first at the miser's house, now occupied by the young heir.

"Would the rich young gentleman care to buy any of my knives, scissors, or razors?" asked the Gipsy, when the door was opened.

"I don't know," said the young fellow uncertainly, as the Gipsy opened his pack and spread the shining tools on the doorstep. "What have you to sell?"

"Now that you are so rich, so *very* rich," said the Gipsy, "you will have to shave every day. It will never do for so rich a man to go unshaven like a porter!"

This repetition of the word "rich" was for a purpose. The young man noticed it, and said:

"Why do you say I am so rich?"

"You have the goldpieces that the old man spent his life in securing," said the Gipsy; "and he left plenty of gold—yes, plenty of gold!"

"How do you know?" asked the young man, as if much interested.

"I know how he grew it," said the Gipsy.

"How he *grew* it?" repeated the other.

"How he grew it," repeated the Gipsy carelessly.

"What do you mean?" asked the young man.

"It is tiresome for me to stand here," said the peddler; "and it is too long a story to tell. If I could have a bit of bread and cheese, I'd tell you the story gladly."

The young man was curious to hear what the Gipsy had to say, and therefore invited him into the house.

When they were seated in the tumbledown old kitchen, the Gipsy said:

"I am glad that you show yourself to be a man of sense. Fortunate indeed is it for you

that you did not yield to the silly prejudice against Gipsies that most of these stay-at-home folk have. The good man who died, and whose gold has come to you, had no foolish prejudices either. Though you are only a distant relative, I see that you are heir to some of his finest traits as well as to his money. I care nothing for money myself, but I like to have my friends enjoy life."

The young man seemed completely bewildered by this foolish rigmarole, and sat silent, but with his eyes fixed keenly upon his talkative visitor.

"Yes," continued the Gipsy; "your relative, whose loss we so deeply regret, was kind to me when I had need of kindness. I was once arrested, and brought before the magistrates for vagrancy and for sorcery, and he alone stood by me and secured an acquittal. In return I did him a favor—and he grew rich. He might have been much richer, but he sold the pear-tree."

"What pear-tree?" asked the young man. "There are no pear-trees on the place."

"Not on this place," said the Gipsy slyly. "As I said, he sold the tree. That is, he sold the farm where the tree is, which is much the same thing."

"Surely one could not get rich by growing pears?" said the young man.

"You never saw pears like these," answered the Gipsy, pretending he was about to go.

The young man begged the peddler to tell more of this strange story.

"It is useless," said the Gipsy, "you would never believe a word of it. In fact, I hardly believe it myself. I tell it only because you seem to be interested."

But the young man insisted, and the peddler, after a show of reluctance, sat down, being very willing to tell the absurd story he had invented with the hope of being able to rob the young heir.

"Your relation, whose untimely loss we all deplore," began this old scamp, "after he had aided in clearing me of the charge of sorcery, took me to his own house and there told me that he himself dealt in the black art." Here the Gipsy made a rhetorical pause and fixed his big black eyes on the young man. Whether



or not his hearer understood what was said, he appeared willing to listen. So the story was resumed.

"I was, of course, surprised; but in a few words the old man, now no more, explained to me that I was a somnambulist of the most extraordinary powers."

"A — what?" said the young heir.

"A sleep-walker. He assured me that I was a sleep-walker of great ability."

"What of that?" said the young man.

"So I asked. He made me no very decided answer, but begged I would lend him my assistance in an enterprise of his own. I consented. He then requested that I should spend several nights beneath his roof. I did so."

"You did?"

"Yes. I was his guest."

"Is that all?" asked the young man.

"Oh, no. The best is to come. He was so eager I should prolong my stay that I determined to find out why. I pretended, on the next to the last night that I was with him, to be fast asleep, whereas in reality I remained awake. To make my story short, the deceased came to my room and after (as he thought) convincing himself that I was sound asleep, took me by the shoulder and said 'Come!' I rose and followed him. Going to the stable he said, 'Take the spade!' I took the spade, and away we went. Exactly where I can scarcely remember"—here the Gipsy paused and looked at the young man, intending to give the impression that he *could* tell all about it if he chose. Then he went on: "We came to a *certain pear-tree*, and here he directed me to dig. I dug a small hole in the ground, and then he told me to stop. Next, he took from his pocket a bag tightly tied. This he deposited in the hole; in fact, buried it. Then he directed me to go home; and home I went.

"You may be sure that I did not lose sight of him the next night. He did not disturb me, however, but set off by himself for the pear-tree. I followed him at a safe distance and watched all that he did. Going straight to the tree he picked several of the pears, and breaking them open, took from each a shining goldpiece!"

Again the peddler paused to see what effect he had produced upon his companion, and

again he was disappointed, for the latter, though still quietly attentive, made no sign of any sort.

"I was surprised," said the Gipsy, "for I had never seen anything of the kind. Did you ever?"

"No. I never," said the impassive youth with a pretended yawn. Thinking anything in the way of tact was thrown away upon the stupid booby to whom he was talking, the former tramp proceeded to state the rest of his scheme without any foolish waste of words.

"Now, if I should walk in my sleep again," said the Gipsy, "I have no doubt I could find that tree. And, if I can do so, we may both be rich. I have very little money to plant, but as the tree of course increases whatever may be buried at its roots I have enough to secure me a rich reward for my trouble."

"What do you wish to do?" asked the young man.

"Plainly put, this: You and I will collect all the money we can spare, and when I am asleep to-night you shall do as your ancestor did. I will walk and find the tree, and then we can plant our money. On the next night we will go and pick the pears!"

"I have another good plan," said the young man slowly.

Pleased with any gleam of intelligence, the Gipsy asked, "What is that?"

"Bury the money crop again, and then we shall have more yet!"

"You are a genius!" answered the peddler, pretending to be much pleased. "That is just what we will do!"

Though the next night was bright as day, with a big harvest moon pouring its mellow light upon the country, the plan was carried out.

The old Gipsy arose, and with much ceremony and a pretense of cabalistic nonsense, arrayed himself in a very gaily figured dressing-gown taken from among the choicest things in his pack. In a sleepy and mumbling tone, he said something at the same time about his "magic robe," thereby hoping to delude the young simpleton. Tying a handkerchief about his head for a night-cap and putting on some strong slippers, he sallied forth to a neighboring pear-tree, and to the music of a sing-song chant buried the money.

On the next night the same mummery was repeated; a second visit to the tree was made, and to the apparent surprise and joy of the young man, a few of the pears were found to contain a small goldpiece in each. But the old Gipsy refused to pluck more than a very few. Nor did the young man insist upon it. Upon their return to the house, the young heir seemed much elated. But in the morning the Gipsy pretended ignorance of the trip to the tree, even when the young man declared that he intended to gather together all the gold he could, so that it might be planted at the foot of the wonderful pear-tree.

But the old Gipsy went into the town and, without telling the heir, took the liberty of borrowing a large amount of money on the credit of the young man, which was very good. He added besides, all the cash he himself had; the young man collected all his gold from strong-boxes and secret hoards, and that night they buried their many bags of money in the ground.

A drowsy owl surveyed the work from a neighboring branch and mournfully hooted his disapproval.

This time the Gipsy pretended suddenly to awake, and insisted that the younger man should climb up and sit upon one of the horizontal limbs of the pear-tree.

"For," said he, "it is the gnomes that do the work for us, and the tread of a strange foot disturbs them. Only a Gipsy's tread is light enough to escape their quick ears! The expired connection of yours—who is now only a memory—well knew this. *He* always climbed the tree, or retired a distance of forty-nine paces. You may take your choice."

So, with a wink to the owl, who returned it before he knew what he was doing, the heir climbed the tree and perched himself very uncomfortably upon a large branch.

Then the owl saw a strange sight. Now and then the old Gipsy would quickly stop his digging, and would turn suddenly and look at the young man in the tree. It seemed as if he wished to catch him off his guard. But no matter how quickly the old man turned, the younger man was ready for him. His face would put on an expression of blank idiocy or of intense curiosity over the digging, and

this he would keep until the old man looked away again, and even for a time afterward. Then the young man would laugh slyly to himself. The owl could n't understand it, and as he thought men a stupid race, he did not try very hard to solve the mystery.

That night the old Gipsy slept very soundly. He had lost so much sleep that he was tired out. It was broad daylight when he came down-stairs to seek the young man.

But the fellow-conspirator was nowhere to be found. In vain the peddler searched the house, and the grounds.

Then an idea came to him.

"He is probably uneasy about his money. It will not worry him so much," said the retired tramp, laughing to himself, "when I shall have dug it up and run off with it!"

So saying, he set out for the wonderful pear-tree.

There stood the tree—but, alas! there was not a pear to be seen upon the branches. Some one had plucked them all.

Then the old Gipsy ran around to where the money had been buried. And he saw new earth thrown up, a great hole in the ground, and when he gazed upon the place where the money had been hidden, he actually felt like bursting into tears.

There stood the old Gipsy with mouth drawn down and eyebrows raised, gazing into the hole, until the owner of the orchard came near and asked what he was seeking.

"Did you see any one digging here?" asked the Gipsy.

"A young man was digging here early,—at dawn," said the man.

"What for?"

"He found a buried treasure," said the owner of the orchard.

"But—" said the Gipsy, "it was in your land?"

"Oh, no. He bought this acre of me before he began to dig. I bought his house and lot and I threw this in as a make-weight."

"But there was some of *my* money here!" said the Gipsy.

"Why did you put it in my land?" asked the owner of the orchard, coolly, but received no answer.

"Where did the young thief go?" asked the Gipsy in despair, as he thought of the goldpieces which he had very dishonestly borrowed, and of those he had earned by miles of tramping,—the goldpieces which he had put in the pears in order to bamboozle the young man.

"I can not tell. He said he was to sail for foreign parts," and the man loitered away. Turning back, how-



ever, he called out: "He left a bit of paper in the hole he dug—maybe it was for you. I could n't read it, try as I might. It was in a foreign tongue."

The old man found the bit of paper. It was written in the Gipsy language, and said that the young man, being himself a Gipsy, fond of roving and moderate in his ideas, had concluded to remain satisfied with the first crop. He therefore bestowed the "wonderful pear-tree" upon his dear old friend, begging him to remember the days they "went Gipsying together!" It was signed "Romany."

For a moment the old Gipsy was angry. Then he began to smile. Then he laughed. Then he ran after the orchard owner, and sold him back the pear-tree for a few bits of money.

It took all his savings to ransom his pack and to repay what he had borrowed, and not long after he left the little village forever.

That night the moon shone again upon the pear-tree, and there sat the owl.

"Now," said the owl to himself, as he settled down into his fluffy overcoat, "*now* I shall be able to sleep better these bright moonlight nights. How stupid men are!"



# The "Gator"

BY CLARENCE B. MOORE.

THE alligator, or "gator," as it is usually called throughout its home, the Southern States, is an object of great curiosity at the North. Every winter many tourists visit Florida and carry back baby alligators, together with more or less magnified accounts of the creature's doings and habits, and their stories are probably the cause of this very widespread interest.

Though the alligator is rapidly disappearing from the banks of the lower St. John's River, in Lake Washington and in the Saw Grass Lake (where that river has its source), and in waters still farther south, they are still to be found in almost undiminished numbers, and are hunted for a living by native hunters. They are commonly sought at night, by torch-light, for in this way they can be approached with the utmost ease. The alligator is hunted in the summer only, and the hunters usually shoot egrets, herons, and other birds of beautiful plumage during the winter months. They find a ready sale for the bird skins, as decorations for ladies' hats.

A rifle-ball will readily penetrate an alligator's hide, although there exists an unfounded belief to the contrary. The creatures will "stand a deal of killing," however, and frequently roll off a bank and are lost even after being shot through and through.

The alligator builds a nest of mud and grass,

and lays a large number of oblong white eggs, but the little ones when hatched often serve as lunch for their unnatural papa, and this cannibalism, more than the rifle, prevents their numbers from increasing. The alligator is not particular as to diet. I once found the stomach of a ten-footer to be literally filled with pine chips from some tree which had been felled near the river's bank! They are fond of wallowing in marshes, and many a man out snipe shooting has taken an involuntary bath by stumbling into their wallows. In dry seasons alligators will traverse long distances overland to reach water, and travelers have come suddenly upon alligators crawling amid prairies or woods, in the most unexpected manner. The alligator as a rule is very wary, but at times sleeps quite soundly. I saw one struck twice with an oar before it woke.

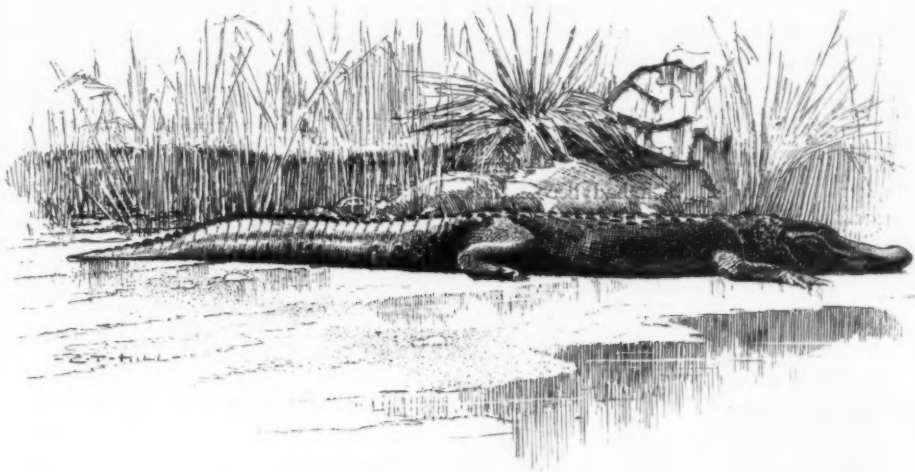
There is a very prevalent impression that the alligator differs from the crocodile in that one moves the upper jaw and the other the lower. Such, however, is not the case. Both animals move the lower jaw, though the raising of the head as the mouth opens sometimes gives the appearance of moving the upper jaw only. But alligators and crocodiles differ in the arrangement of the teeth, and the snout of the crocodile is more sharply pointed.

The hides are salted to preserve them and are shipped to dealers in Jacksonville, where those less than six feet long are worth a dollar, while for those which exceed this length twenty-five cents extra is allowed. Alligator hides to the value of twenty thousand dollars were shipped from Florida last year, and as the dealers probably charge twice the price paid the hunters, a fair estimate of the number of alligators killed for sale in that State, and not counting those shot by tourists, would be

ten thousand annually. One hears very conflicting reports as to the length of large alligators. A prominent dealer in Jacksonville said that out of ten thousand hides handled by him none were over twelve feet long. I am told that at the Centennial, side by side with a crocodile from the Nile, there was shown an alligator from Florida sixteen feet in length.

Years ago near a place called Enterprise, on

canoe. A bright idea struck him. He put his visiting-card in the beast's mouth and paddled swiftly back. A number of hunters were at the wharf, and the slayer of Big Ben hastened to inform them with apparent sincerity that while out paddling he had come within easy range of the "'gator," who was, no doubt, still lying motionless on the point. A flotilla of boats and canoes, manned by an army with



A QUIET NAP ON THE RIVER BANK.

a point jutting into Lake Monroe, during all bright days a certain big alligator used to lie basking in the sun. He was well known to the whole neighborhood. The entire coterie of sportsmen at the only hotel used to call him "Big Ben," and proud hunters would talk, and even dream, of the time when a well-aimed rifle-shot would end his long career. But Big Ben was as cunning as a serpent, and whenever any one, afoot or afloat, came unpleasantly near, he would slide off into the water,—which meant "good-bye" for the rest of the day.

One fine morning one of these sportsmen, paddling up the lake, luckily with his rifle in his canoe, came upon Big Ben so sound asleep that he stole up within range and put a bullet through the alligator's brain. What to do next was a problem. He could not tow the monster all the way to Enterprise with his small

rifles, instantly started for the point. To avoid confusion it was unanimously agreed that all should go down together, and that the entire party, if they were lucky enough to find Big Ben still there, should fire a volley at the word of command. As they approached the point, the hearts of all beat quickly; and when, with straining eyes, they saw Big Ben apparently asleep and motionless upon the bank, even the coolest could scarcely control his feelings. The boats were silently drawn up within easy shot, and the word was given. Bang, bang! went a score of rifles and Big Ben, riddled with bullets, lay motionless upon the point! With a cheer of triumph the excited sportsmen leaped ashore, and fastening a rope around the dead alligator, speedily towed him to Enterprise. There the original slayer awaited them upon the wharf. When Big Ben was laid upon the



shore, opening the animal's mighty jaws he disclosed his visiting card, and thanked them most politely for their kindness in bringing his 'gator home for him.

I once met with a curious adventure. Man is rarely attacked by alligators in Florida, except by the female alligator called upon to defend her young. Some years ago, in a small steamer chartered for the purpose, I had gone up a branch of the St. John's beyond Salt Lake until we could proceed no farther, because the top of the river had become solid with floating vegetation under which the water flowed. We tied up for the night, and shortly after were boarded by two men who said that their camp was near by and that they shot alligators and plume-birds for a living. One of the men carried his rifle, a muzzle-loader, and from its barrel projected the ramrod, which had become fast immediately above the ball while loading. He

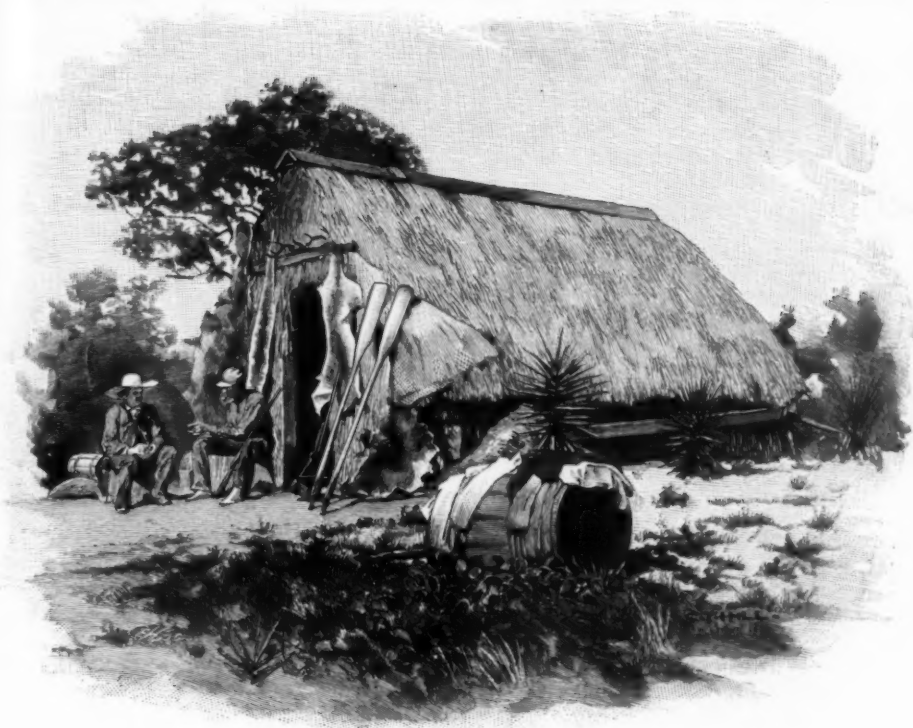
intended to draw it out after they should return to camp.

We went ashore with these men to look at an alligator's nest near by, and were filling our pockets with baby-alligators, when we heard a grunting sound and saw an alligator eight or nine feet long coming directly at us. With the exception of the man already referred to, we were all unarmed and affairs began to look a little unpleasant, for the creature evidently meant mischief. When it was within a few feet, the man with the rifle, knowing that he alone had a weapon, took deliberate aim and fired bullet, ramrod, and all down the 'gator's throat. The animal turned over twice, and rolling off the bank, sank out of sight.

The alligators of the Amazon River in South America are very numerous, and owing to scarcity of hunters attain a very great size. In the upper waters apparently they are entirely



CATCHING AN ALLIGATOR ASLEEP.



THE ALLIGATOR HUNTERS IN THEIR CAMP.

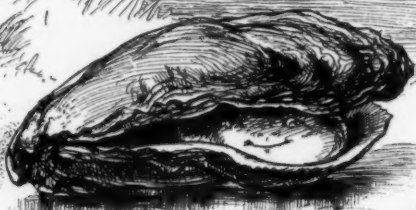
unaccustomed to the report of firearms, and if not actually hit will lie still while shot after shot is fired. The largest I ever killed and measured was thirteen feet and four inches in length; but this was much smaller than many which I shot from dugouts and canoes too far away from shore to tow them in.

Buried an inch deep in one of these dead alligators I once found a *piraña*, that troublesome fish which makes swimming in some parts of the Amazon a risky matter. It bores into flesh very much after the manner of a circular punch, and when it starts, its habit is to go to the bone. The *piraña* of course could not penetrate the hide of the alligator, but entering by the bullet-hole it had turned to one side and partially buried itself in the flesh. I have seen men bearing very ugly scars, the results of wounds inflicted by the *piraña* while they were bathing. If this fish is cut open after having

bored its way into an animal a solid round mass of flesh will be found inside corresponding to the hole it has made, showing that the fish really bores its way in.

It is said that the alligator of the Amazon is more likely to attack man than its brother of our Southern States. The captain of a small steamer running between Iquitos and Para, told me that on the preceding trip he had carried to a doctor a boy who had lost his arm from the bite of an alligator, while allowing his arm to hang in the water from a raft. The same captain, however, also informed me that he had been treed by one of these animals and compelled to remain "up a tree" for some time; so that I have some hesitation in quoting him as an authority upon the nature and habits of these alligators. The flesh of young alligators is considered a delicacy in Brazil and is regularly sold in the markets.

# THE EXCLUSIVE OLD OYSTER



BY LAURA A. STEEL.

THERE was an exclusive old oyster  
Who spent all his life in a cloister.  
He said, "For a cell  
I prefer my own shell."  
That very retiring old oyster.

## A STORY I TOLD THE PIRATE.

"TELL me a story," said the Pirate, sitting up very straight in the chair he had drawn as close as possible to mine.

"Oh dear!" said I. "Must I tell another story?"

"Yes," said the Pirate, firmly. "Tell me a true one," and he wriggled farther back in the chair, till the soles of his shoes stared at me in the most uncompromising manner.

"Once upon a time," I began, obediently, "there was a little boy with blue eyes and yellow curls"—

"No, no," protested the Pirate; "don't tell about *me*, tell me a *new* one," and as he is a very determined Pirate indeed, I began again.

"Once when I was a little girl"—

"That 's good," nodded the Pirate, with a sigh of satisfaction; "I like them kind." For I am sorry to admit this particular Pirate is not always as grammatical as his friends could wish; but I suppose few pirates are perfect.

"Once, when I was a little girl, I knew a pussy cat, a great big gray pussy cat."

"What was his name?" queried the Pirate.

"We called him Leopard, because he was so prettily striped with black. And he lived in the country."

"I know," sagely assented the Pirate, "where it 's all outdoors, like up to my grandma's."

"Yes," I said, "and he used to catch little birds, which was naughty,"—the Pirate nodded again,— "and little mice."

"Did n't he catch any big ones?" interrupted the Pirate.

"Yes," I replied. "But I wanted to tell you about some little ones. There were no little children in the house where Leop lived, so the nursery" (I quailed, but the Pirate did not detect the slip) "was not always upside down," and I glanced severely at the playthings piled in disorder behind us.

"Yes," said the Pirate, with the utmost seren-

close to grandpa's chair, arch up his back, and purr.

"One day, while he was still quite a little kitty, he brought in his sharp, white teeth a little dead mouse. He had caught it at the barn, and he laid it down by grandpa's chair. Then he rubbed against grandpa's leg, and patted on his foot with his paws till grandpa put aside his paper, looked down, and saw the mouse."



ity, following my glance; "they's my cars; they's had a collision."

"But there was a dear, white-haired grandpa there," I went on resignedly, "and he used to pat Leopard and talk to him and be very good to him."

"Did the kitty talk back?" gravely inquired the Pirate.

"Yes, kitty-talk," I said. "He would come

"What did he do?" asked the Pirate impatiently, as I stopped to rest my tongue, which does get so tired answering questions and telling stories.

"Oh, he patted Leop and told him he was a good kitty, and called Aunt Jeanette to see what a great thing Leop had done, and they both praised him till he was quite proud.

"So, after that, every time Leop caught a

mouse he would bring it into the house, carry it from room to room till he found grandpa and was petted and praised for being so clever and useful.

"Well, one time grandpa went away on a visit."

"Where did he go?" inquired the Pirate, whose interest in details is wonderful.

"Oh!—just away," I said desperately; for I knew if I told him *where*, I would immediately have to tell him why, and whom to see, and how he liked it, and as many other things as he could think to ask about; so I hurried on. "When Leop caught his next mouse he hunted all over the house for grandpa, but could not find him."

"Course not," said the Pirate, scornfully.

"So at last he came to where Aunt Jeanette was sitting, sewing, and laid the dead mouse down on her dress. Then he began to purr and pat her foot, to call her attention to it.

"When Aunt Jeanette looked down and saw what Leop had brought her she sprang out of her chair with a little scream,"—here the Pirate asserted his manhood by a hearty laugh,—"for she was afraid of a mouse, even if it was dead. She scolded Leop and told him to take his horrid little mouse out of doors."

"Was it horrid?" asked the Pirate, with interest. But I ignored the question and went on.

"Leop must have understood that Aunt Jeanette did not like mice, for he did not bring in any more to her.

"In about a week grandpa came home; he had hardly sat down in his chair when in came Leopard with a mouse in his mouth, and waited to be petted and praised. This made Aunt Jeanette remember how she had scolded the poor kitty for bringing a mouse to her, and she told grandpa the story.

"While she was talking, Leop came in again

with a mouse, and then they saw that he had not carried out the first mouse to eat it, as he usually did, but let them both lie on the floor by grandpa's chair."

"Did n't he like 'em?" asked the Pirate.

"You will see. Grandpa patted him again and praised him. Then he ran off, leaving the two mice on the floor, and grandpa and Aunt Jeanette waited to see what he would do next."

"What did he do?" asked the Pirate, who is always hurrying the story.

"He came running back in a few minutes with another little mouse; that made three. And—how many do you suppose he had kept to show to grandpa?"

"I don't know," said the Pirate, solemnly.

"Nine," I said. "Nine; he brought in nine little dead mice and laid them down in a row at grandpa's feet, and grandpa petted and praised him for every single one."

"Is that all?" demanded the Pirate.

I nodded my head, and the Pirate knows that means I am too tired to say another word; so he pushed himself forward, slipped from his chair, and returned to his cars. But in a minute



the short legs came trotting quickly back to my side, and a dimpled hand was laid on my knee.

"Thank you, Mamma," said the Pirate, smiling.



## A FIRST SPELLING-LESSON.

BY L. R. BAKER.

THERE were only two little boys in the class,  
Two fat little fellows with eyes of blue;  
And one was Johnny, oh, listen to this,  
The other was Johnny, too.

"Spell 'pie,'" said the teacher, with smiling lips,  
"Now, Johnny Jones, you must try."  
He looked very solemn and wise and good,  
And he spelled it, "P-i, pie."

"Come, Johnny Smith, I will listen to you,  
While Johnny Jones has his cry."  
A gleam of triumph in two blue eyes,  
And he straightway spelled "P-y."

Together the Johnnies came out from school,  
Their brave little spirits quelled;  
They were wondering, wondering, wondering  
What p-i and p-y spelled!

## THE MULES AND THE ELECTRIC CAR.

BY MARY S. MCCOBB.

THEY were mules. Two little fellows, with  
dainty feet and funny long ears. They lived in  
the big stable, at the foot of the great bluff.

But, though small, they had been accustomed  
to earn their own living. How? Why, by  
drawing a street-car in a Western city. Briskly  
they had worked, always ready, always alert.  
Every night they ate their supper with all the  
dignity and self-respect of other wage-earners.

When, lo! one fine day came strange news.  
The mules pricked up their ears. What was it  
they heard? Horses and mules should be set  
aside? Men would "harness the lightning," and  
make it drag the cars?

"Throw us out of employment?" cried the  
mules. "Do they flatter their foolish selves  
they can do without *us*? Not a bit of it. The  
public demands our services. The public shall  
have them! Go to!"

So, what do you think those plucky fellows  
did? The electric car was ready. The man who  
was "to drive the lightning" was in his place.

Suddenly "patter—patter—patter—patter,"  
came the sound of eight spry hoofs.

"Here we are!" called the mules cheerfully.

Sure enough, here they were, in their usual  
place, in front of the car. Fastened to it? Oh,  
no! Why mind a trifle like that?

"Tang! Tang!" went the bell.

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"Patter—patter—patter—patter!"

Off scuttled the mules.

"Tang!"

The mules came to a standstill. So did the  
car. "Of course. It always stops when we  
do!" said the mules, and they wagged their tails.

"Tang! Tang!"

Off they started afresh. Lively work this!  
What was the stupid driver laughing at? Was  
there a stray joke anywhere?

All along the town, through the streets where  
business men *should* attend to their own affairs,  
and not stand still to look and laugh.

"We know what we're about!" declared the  
little mules.

"Patter—patter—patter—patter!"

I believe they trotted in front of that electric  
car to the very end of the route, till they reached  
the place where the tall chimneys of a factory  
belch forth clouds of smoke.

At last the mules may rest.

"Ah ha! Ah ha! He haw! He haw!"

It was their time to laugh now.

"Did n't we *tell* you the public should have  
our services? 'Drive the lightning?' Fudge!  
*We* pulled that car!"

And a lady who lives in that very town told  
me about it. She is a very ve-ra-cious person  
so that I know that this story is true.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

EIGHTEEN years old this month! There's an old Jack-in-the-Pulpit for you! It is very strange, and yet I can truly say I never lived at all until the day that our dear magazine, 'ST. NICHOLAS,' was born. That was a good while ago. Many boys and girls who read the very first number now hold upon their knees girls and boys of their own, and, between you and me, I verily believe that every one of them, little and big, takes about equal pleasure and comfort in ST. NICHOLAS.

Look at the dear Little Schoolma'am and good Deacon Green—alive, happy, young as ever, and devoted to you all, as is your Jack himself. Eighteen years old, eighteen years young—it is all the same; this is a great country, and ST. NICHOLAS is its prophet, so far as you, the Deacon, and the Little Schoolma'am and the rest of us are concerned. A long life to it, and to us all!

Now we'll proceed to business, taking up, first, the subject of

## THE SILVER DOLLAR.

LATELY the good Deacon gave his picnic class a riddle to guess. As far as I can remember, it ran something like this: Find on our country's silver dollar the following things:

An animal, a place of worship, a scholar being whipped, a fruit, a flower, a part of a needle, and a number of prominent actors.

Well, many of the class found some of these things on the silver dollar, and a few found every one of them. But there were two other things on it that were not seen except by the very closest observers, and these were two little M's. I am told that they are to be found on every standard silver dollar. It appears that the man who engraved the steel die used in making the coin was named Morgan, and he shrewdly put the initial in two places upon it, so that he might thus play hide-and-seek with the boys and girls of his own and later genera-

tions. Of course grown folk did not need any such reminder of Morgan. They know *everything*,—more or less, so to speak.

## SPARROWS ON TIME.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Papa told us such a wonderful *true* story last night in our Happy Hour (that's what we call the *very* little time which papa or mamma gives to us children before we go to sleep) that I will write it down for you to tell everybody. It was about a pair of English sparrows living in Sarnia, a town of Ontario, or Canada. Well, they looked at the broad town clock, with its great big face, and they thought it was so nice and clean that they would build their nest right where the two hands parted and made a sort of V. Well, they actually did it. You may think the hands went on moving and so spoiled everything (that is just what my brother Charley told papa); but papa said it was n't so one bit. The clock stopped almost as soon as these two sparrows laid their plans, and when the man who took care of it went up to see what had made it stop, he found that the 'cute little birds had fastened bits of grass and fibers about the two hands so that they could not move! It was the beginning of their nest, you know. I hope the man let them go on and finish it. But papa said he thought not, as town clocks are not intended specially for sparrows. I would have 'let them, if I had been that man.

Your faithful little friend, BETH G—.

## THE LADY IN THE MOON.

HERE is a letter which I think will interest you, and set your little necks a-craning on bright moonlight nights:

STAMFORD, CONN.

MY DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I wonder if you or any of your young folk have ever seen "The Lady in the Moon"? About a year ago she was shown to me, and since then I have hardly been able to find the "Old Man's Face." It is only her profile you see. The man's left eyebrow is her hair, or the shading back of it; follow the dark outline of the left-hand side of his nose, and you have her features; the dark line of his mouth forms the shadow under her chin. She is really beautiful, but you have to wait until almost full moon to distinguish her. Of course the face is not as plainly seen in the moon as it is made in the drawing. Your loving reader,

L. S. V—.

You may as well know, my friends, that your Jack *sometimes* has seen the pretty lady to whom



Miss Lydia refers—not always. Like earthly ladies, she often is shy and tries to hide her face. For my part, however, as an honest, country Jack-in-the-Pulpit, I incline to fancy that it is Ina whom L. S. V. sees—in her rare moments of rest; Ina whose pretty story your Jack gave you in May last. She is wife to the Man in the Moon. But judge for yourselves.

## A WISE HEN.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Last summer we had a banty hen, and she had some little chickens.

One day papa let her out of her coop to have a run in the yard. While he was watching her, the hen saw a honey-bee in the grass.

She called her little chickens to her, as if she had something for them to eat. When they had all answered the call, the hen ruffled up her feathers and made a great fuss, and backed away as if to say: "If you ever see anything that looks like that, you do as I do,—back off and leave it alone!"

It was so cunning and sensible I thought I would tell the rest of the little folks about it.

I am eight years old, and have had ST. NICHOLAS ever since I was born. KATE T—.

## RED CLOVERS\* AND WHITE.

At last my children have found out for themselves the differences between red clovers and white clovers! They say that, since their special attention has been called to the pretty blossoms, all the red clover-heads they have found are distinguished by two or three little green leaves close at the base of the clover-head (which, you know, is not one blossom, but is composed of a cluster of very small flowers); and that every white clover-head springs from the very end of a slender bare stem, which has no leaf for some distance down its length, or until it joins the main stem. The two clover-heads differ also, they say. Nora Maynard writes: "Red clovers are oval-shaped, and white clovers are round"; while most of the answers say in substance: the red clover or clover-head is thicker and more solid, with its tiny flowers crowding closely one above another around a short, stiff, stem-like center; while the white clover-head resembles a loosely-made ball formed by the tiny white blossoms all springing freely from the extreme end of their stem.

All these several differences may not exist between red and white clovers in every locality, but certainly they are found in my meadow, and in the fields and grass plots which my young correspondents have searched. Many tell me that bees seem always to prefer the white clover to the red, that the busy insects can more readily get at the honey of the white clover, and that farmers who raise bees sow the white variety on this account. Some of the young folk speak also of often finding the tiny caddis or case-worm on clover-heads,—funny little fellows who always carry their houses with them, and who take no lodgers in to bear them company. Well, the dear Little Schoolma'am is not by me just at this moment, so I can not say very

learned things on this subject, but I *can* say that I am heartily glad whenever my out-of-door youngsters use their eyes to see with. I'll wager a ripe hazel-nut, now, that thousands upon thousands of young and old folk in these Middle States have all their lives been seeing clover-heads growing—white and red—and never have noticed that the two differ in the least except in the matter of color.

## AN EXPLANATION DESIRED.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: Walking on a country road last September, I saw a grasshopper clinging to a stalk of golden-rod. He was large, and I touched him gently to make him jump. He did not move. I touched him again, but he was still. Then I broke off the stalk, and he clung to it without a motion. He was dead. So I brought him home and drew his picture.

I was puzzled by his queer position, and could not imagine what killed him. It seemed remarkable that he should have been able to jump up to this high stalk and hang there during his last ill-



ness; and it seemed stranger that he should not have dropped down after the breath left his brown and brittle frame. His four fore legs were clasped around the stem; and of his long jumping-legs, one was drawn up close to the body and the other was stretched out as shown in the picture I send with this. Can it be that he was in favor of the golden-rod as the national flower, and selected this place to draw his last breath as a proof of devotion to his choice?

BENJAMIN WEBSTER.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

M. D. F.—Thank you for the well-deserved praise of "Marjorie and her Papa." No one could help loving little Marjorie nor being amused by her quaint, unconscious humor. The pictures were drawn by Mr. R. B. Birch, but in making them, as already has been stated, he carefully followed the author's admirable sketches.

LANSING, MICH.

TO THE EDITOR OF ST. NICHOLAS: Will you permit me to ask your readers, through the Letter-box, if any of them have spare copies of ST. NICHOLAS for November and December, 1875?

I have had ST. NICHOLAS since January, 1876, and wish the volume complete before binding, and so desire these two numbers. I will give fifty cents apiece for them.

Address,

ALICE A. JOHNSON,  
523 Seymour St., Lansing, Mich.

CHAMBERSBURG, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have always taken ST. NICHOLAS and all of our large family love to read it. When I had scarlet-fever, mamma read to me the old numbers which my brother, now grown up, used to take.

I want to tell you about our cats. The mothers are named Octavia and Cleopatra. The last has three kittens—Mary Anderson, the beauty, Adelina Patti, because of her lovely voice, and Steve Brodie, the jumper. Octavia has one kitten (the other three were chloroformed by a neighbor) named Ishmael, because he is not so much of a pet as the others. So we call him and his mother Ishmael and Hagar. We are about to move from our present home and expect to have trouble taking all our cats and our big dog.

Your loving reader,

JANET S.—

KIOTO, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought perhaps you would like to hear an account of a trip which papa, mamma, myself, and one of my friends, took last March to Nagoya and the famous shrines of Isé.

We started for Nagoya on the noon train, and arrived about six o'clock in the evening. The fields all along the way were yellow with brilliant flowers and looked very pretty. The last part of the ride we had a beautiful view of Mount Mitaki, the top of which was covered with snow.

The next day we went to look at the Nagoya castle, which is very interesting. This is the way it is built. On the very outside of the castle grounds are a large stone and earth embankment and a moat, both of which go all around the castle. Inside the embankment is a large tract of land on which are the general's headquarters and the soldiers' barracks. In the center of this tract of land is the ancient castle. Around the old castle is another embankment and moat. In ancient times the daimio or feudal lord occupied the old castle. The most interesting thing about this castle is a kind of tower, like a building, five stories high, on top of which are two golden dolphins, one at each end of the roof. The fifth story has a hundred mats in it and the first story has a thousand mats in it. Each mat is six by three feet. Each

dolphin measures twelve feet, from its head to the tip of its tail. About fifteen years ago one of the dolphins was sent to the exposition in Vienna. Coming back, the ship that carried it was wrecked. After some time, however, the dolphin was recovered and put in its old place on the castle. We did not go inside the main castle, but looked at it from outside. I believe this castle is one of the two finest in Japan, the other being the Kumamoto castle. It certainly was very fine looking.

From Nagoya we went across Owari Bay to Kamiyashiro by steamboat. From Kamiyashiro we went to see two famous rocks in the sea near the coast. They are very near each other and are called the "Futami" by the Japanese, who regard them as a symbol of marriage. The large rock is called the "husband" and the small one is called the "wife." After seeing them we went to see the shrines of Isé which are at Yamada. There are two shrines and their names are "Naiku" and "Geku." These shrines are said to be very old, but they are really not so very old, because half the buildings are changed every twenty-one years. They get to be quite decayed in that time, so they are pulled down and new ones built in the same places and in exactly the same way. We were most interested in the trees around the shrines. At "Naiku" there is a beautiful grove of grand old trees that is ever so much finer than the shrine. The cherry-trees were in bloom and were very beautiful.

I have taken you for several years and enjoy you ever so much. I am always very glad when you come in the mail.

Your loving reader,

GRACE W. L.—

KOHALA, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl eight years old, who lives in the Sandwich Islands. Back of our house there is a long stretch of kalo patches. The kalo is the principal food of the natives. They bake it in ovens in the ground, then pound it to a paste with water and allow it to sour. It is eaten with salt fish or meat. The kalo tops are planted in dry land first, and then the natives take it up and plant it in kalo patches. A kalo patch is a piece of land walled in, and in the bottom are mud and water. The kalo has one large root, with several little ones around it. The water comes from springs, which flow out of the side of a deep ravine, and is brought down to the kalo patches through a water-course, built by the natives, under direction of the chiefs. They had stone tools, with which they dug through solid rock. In some places they had to build a wall on which to carry the water along. There are many beautiful springs, one of which is very large, and goes far in under the rock. Some of them are filled with beautiful ferns. We have taken you four years, and are very fond of you.

Your little friend,

EDITH H. B.—

KOHALA, HAWAII.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on the Sandwich Islands. I am ten years old. We have taken you for four years and like you very much. I think that you will be glad to hear about two of our curiosities. Here is one: About four miles northeast of us there is a large hole down by the sea that is called the Devil's Caldron. It is ninety feet deep. One morning some natives woke up to find a large hole there. It is supposed that there

was a cavity under the water and that the heavy earthquake the night before shook the earth down. There are two holes down at the foot of the cliff which let the sea into it, and the waves can be seen dashing in and out.

Here is another curiosity. About seven miles to the northwest of us is an old heathen temple. It was built in the days of the "Chiefs," and is seventy-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. The walls at the base are fifteen feet broad and ten feet at the top.

Every morning the natives formed a line and passed the stones with which it was built from one to another, from Palolu Gulch to Honotpa, a distance of fourteen miles. There is a hole in one corner where they threw the bones of sacrificed victims. Just outside of it is a large square rock, somewhat hollowed, where they used to lay the victims. It has no roof and it is very hot there. I would like to see my letter printed if you think that it is good enough.

Your faithful reader,

ROBERT B—.

#### CAIRN-IN-THE-CATSKILLS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As my little Cousin Daisy and myself are temporarily banished from home, on account of the illness of my Cousin Isabel, we thought this would be a good time to write to you.

We are at a little place in the Catskills between Cairo and Acra. The scenery here is magnificent, the different shades of green displayed on the mountains and valleys around us would afford endless study for an artist.

Daisy and I made a ring out of a ten-cent piece. We found a nice bright one, and we carried it to the village and had a little hole bored through it, and then we took a little round file and commenced our work. When Daisy's little fingers got tired (which was very soon) I took it and worked away. The ring is very pretty indeed, now that it is finished.

To-day it is raining hard, but as it will make the walking all the better, we must not complain.

Your constant readers,

DAISY AND VIC.

#### U. S. NAVY YARD, NORFOLK, VA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken your delightful magazine ever since I was three or four years old. I am now twelve and I don't think I could get along without you. My favorite stories are "Crowded out o' Crofield," "Juan and Juanita," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and many others. My papa is a naval officer and has been to China and all around the world three times, and I was born in China, but as I was only about six months old when we left, I don't remember anything about it. When mamma left China she had a collection of over five hundred teapots, but now has only about two hundred as she has given so many away. My brother and I have a great many curious things, picked up in different parts of the world. We have some pieces of the leather, bits of which were eaten by Greeley's men, given to us by Chief-Engineer Melville, and we have a collection of over two thousand postage stamps, and many other things. We have two birds, a parrot and a canary; the parrot is my brother's, it says "Papa," "Mamma," "Pretty Poll," "Look out!" and ever so much more. The canary is mine and sings very nicely. Both are very tame; the parrot is out most of the time, and I let Dick out in the morning when I am dressing. I used to play "Flower Ladies," only I called it "Flowers," and I used to make houses, and have stones and shells covered with leaves, the beds and chairs, and I sometimes used corn silk for the hair of the "Ladies." I remain, your loving little reader,

N. V. W—.

#### HOUSTON, TEXAS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought I would write you about the Magnolia City and its lovely flowers, which are in bloom yet. It has the one and only magnolia park on the globe. Its trees are strung with festoons of moss almost reaching the ground, and covered with buds and blooms. By it runs the beautiful Buffalo Bayou, where fish are plentiful. Constantly passing are boats laden with cotton and timber, also little yachts and tugs with fishing parties. I have a good time in sunny Texas. You can see them load cotton on the trains by the bale. Boats and barges go down the Bayou to the bay and Galveston Beach. You can hear the bells of the trains and of the little one-mule street-car. I was born in Texas and like my home. I am eleven years old. My favorite story in your magazine is "Crowded out o' Crofield."

Your reader,

TOM B—.

#### ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR OLD ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if anyone enjoys you as much as I do, and if you have ever traveled about with any one as you have with me?

I am a little English girl, nearly fifteen years old. I live with an uncle and my governess. I have never been to school in my life, and although my home is in Devonshire, England, I am always making journeys. If it did not take up so much space, I would like to tell you about some of the things I have seen in Europe, America, and Asia.

This summer I have been traveling in Europe and have seen the Passion Play at Ober Ammergan, and the Midnight Sun, and many, many interesting things.

My health is very delicate, so I can not study much, but as my governess travels with me, I have a very good time. She is lovely and I am very fond of her. She has taught me for nearly ten years.

I have a beautiful horse at home, called Duke. "Lady Jane," "Sara Crewe," "Lord Fauntleroy," and your many short stories are delightful. The only fault I know is that they are all too short.

Believe me,

One of your most loving readers,

ETHEL MAUDE ST. C—.

#### KIRKLAND, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl seven years old and live in Milwaukee.

I have been to the Atlantic Ocean.

I had a little boat and I used to sail it on the water.

Every day I went in bathing. 'Most every day I went to the beach to gather shells. One day I found a very smooth stone, which is in my red dress pocket.

Now I have come to grandmother's.

AGNES M. S—.

#### NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am ten years old and have taken your magazine for about three years, and have enjoyed it very much. I have seen many amusing things in it, so I thought I would add to them.

I have such a dear, fat, cunning little piebald pony, called "Pie." He has lately taken a great taste for chrysanthemums. We have a fence dividing the horse paddock from our garden and, because the gate was broken, we put up a rail about three feet five inches high. Mother had been saving her white chrysanthemums to make a wedding nosegay, but on the day she came to gather them she found them all gone. Next morning Lena (our servant) saw something jump right out of the flowers, and Pie was racing across the lawn and under the rail before one could say "Hullo!" Now, was n't he cunning?

This is the first letter I have written, so I hope you will print it.

ELEANOR S. B—.



## SOUTH WEST HARBOR, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am spending the summer at South West Harbor, which is a little village on the island of Mt. Desert. It is a beautiful place, and I am having a *fine* time, and I have been to several places on the island. The other day my sister and I went on board the training ship *St. Mary's*, which is stationed in the harbor. We went all over it and it was *very* interesting. The ship is forty-four years old, but it has been painted all up so that you would not know that except for the fact that it is very old-fashioned.

I have only taken ST. NICHOLAS for this year but I like you ever so much. I do not know yet whether I am going to take you next year, but I *hope* so, and *expect* to. My favorite stories are "Lady Jane" and "May Bartlett's Stepmother."

EMELINE N. H—

## "GROVELAND."

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have been wanting to write to you for a long time, but could never think what to say, so we thought we would write and tell you about our place. We live on a beautiful farm in Virginia named Groveland. We have eleven horses, twelve cows, two hunting-dogs, besides a Newfoundland, and a dear little pug named Flora. We have a grand doll house, and we have each three dolls. We have a pony carriage and two Shetland ponies named Donald and Dorothy. Our little brother, Robbie, also has a pony, named Baby Mine, and we go riding every morning before breakfast. Your devoted readers,

FLORENCE AND HELEN L—

## OAKHURST.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: About a year ago, papa, mamma, and I went to Europe; and although that is anything but unusual, I think it was a little queer to get ready in four days as we did; but we had a lovely time over there, just the same.

While at Paris we went to the Hippodrome, and that night they had scenes of Russian life. At one time when a number of soldiers rushed in on foot, the captain's horse rode over two of them, or rather bumped against them, threw them over and jumped over them. But they got up and limped off.

Papa, mamma, and I kept a diary; but papa's and mamma's were like those spoken of by Mark Twain in "Innocents Abroad." Mine was successful, for I never missed a day, except the day we landed at New York.

Hoping you will prosper for many years to come, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

THEO. K—

## OSAKA, JAPAN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years. I want to tell you about Japanese New Year's celebrations and decorations. The rich people have three bamboo sticks on each side of their house. The next class have a cone-shaped piece of straw, a lobster, a stick of dried persimmons, and a piece of charcoal. The poorer people have a branch of pine or a cone-shaped piece of straw with a little bit of fern under it. About December

26th the people begin to get ready for New Year's day. Most people get "mochi" (pronounced motchee) made. There are people who go from house to house and make it.

They carry a fire and some rice. First they boil the rice, then they take it out and put it in a kind of mortar, made out of a log of wood with a hole in it. Then one man pounds and the other one pushes the rice into position. New Year's lasts three days.

Yours respectfully,

W. J. H—

## PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl nine years old, and have taken you for some years, and like you very much. I have been up in the Catskill Mountains. I did not like it; it was too quiet. I like my own home better. I took lots of nice walks up the mountains. On Fourth of July, I had a jolly time; we could not fire off our fire-crackers before breakfast. We had a few showers during the day. I had so many fire-crackers that I had to give them away. One day my brother and I went fishing; he would not let me fish, but after a while I got him to let me. He said, "What is the use of your fishing? You won't catch anything!" I caught three trout, and my brother only caught one little shiner.

I remain, yours truly,

EDITH.

## ROCKSPRING.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about a pet pigeon we have. We have had it four years now. Ever since we got it, it has always come around whenever any one played on the piano; if we opened the window it would fly in and alight on the piano and strut up and down and coo. I think it is very funny for it to be so fond of music. This spring it laid three eggs and went to setting on them; it set on them for two or three weeks, but they did not hatch. Setting seemed to make it wild, and it very seldom comes in the house now. We got two squabs not long ago, but the old pigeon does not stay with them at all. Although it would come in the house it was hard to catch, and my youngest brother used to sing to it and catch it.

As this is getting right long I will stop, hoping to see it printed. Very truly yours,

"MCGINTY."

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Gertrude A. E., Edith R., Alice and Julia C., Garret A. R., Mabel E. D., Dorothy B., Meg and Peg, Rhoda and Alice S., Olive R., May T. H., Grace A. T., J. W. R., L. L., Flossie W., Blanche W., Pattie J. B., Atta A. B., Allie J. S., Stanley R. A., Zoe S., Sallie L., Louise B., Catherine H. H., Bertha C. and Josephine D., "Children of the Moon," W. J. A., Carita A., Anne L., Bertha V. S., May T., Walter S. D., Eleanor S. B., Helen S. F., Adelaide T. M., W. Scott B., Florence and Helen L., Fannie and Edith T., Grace H., "McGinty," George S. S., Lola K., Carrie N., Mamie H., Irene B., Ailsie L., Lois P., Marie, de F., Edith M. A., Theo. K., Lizzie L. and Mamie McP., M. G. F., Louise C., Alice L., Emeline N. H., Theodora G., Hebe B. C., Grace L. E.

# THE RIDDLE-BOX.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

HALF-SQUARES. I. 1. Trafalgar. 2. Revenues. 3. Avarice. 4. Ferule. 5. Anile. 6. Luce. 7. Gee. 8. As. 9. R. II. 1. Worcester. 2. Overload. 3. Regally. 4. Craved. 5. Ellen. 6. Sold. 7. Tay. 8. Ed. 9. R.

ANAGRAM. Rustle, ulster, lustre, lures, sutler, luters, rulest, result. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "For hunger gives not such a taste to the viands, nor thirst such a flavor to the wine, as the presence of a beloved guest."

DIAMOND. 1. E. 2. Alb. 3. Elbow. 4. Bog. 5. W. GRANDMOTHER'S GARDEN. 1. Rosemary. 2. Rue. 3. Heart's ease. 4. Hyacinth. 5. Loveage. 6. Sweetbriar. 7. Hawthorne. 8. Columbine. 9. Jerusalem cherry. 10. Lilac. 11. Rose. 12. Flag. 13. Snowdrops. 14. Sweet peas. 15. Elder. 16. Quince. 17. Pennyroyal. 18. Fennel. 19. Madder. 20. Iris. 21. Violet. 22. Catnip. 23. Petiwinkle.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Thomas Edison. Cross-words: 1. Twelve. 2. Shreds. 3. Anoint. 4. Gasmen. 5. Dogmas. 6. Novels. HOUR-GLASS. Centrals, Addison. Cross-words: 1. Treason. 2. Elder. 3. Ida. 4. I. 5. Asp. 6. Aloes. 7. Stentor.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "May and 79"—Josephine Sherwood—Mamma and Jamie—Benedick and Beatrice—Edith Sewall—John W. Frothingham, Jr.—E. M. G.—Mamma, Aunt Martha, and Sharley—Pearl F. Stevens—Sandyside—Jo and I—Ida C. Thallon—Adele Walton.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from J. McClees, 1—C. Larner, 1—Elaine Shirley, 2—M. E. Gordon, 1—L. Luise and Max H., 1—Sweet Clover, Fern, and Peach Blossom, 1—Little Sis and B., 1—Toddie, 3—Essie and Midge, 3—Katie Van Zandt, 5—Mrs. James Marlor, 2—W. B. Watkins, 1—M. U. Bingham, 1—Roselind, 1—Florence and Nina, 1—Nettie G. Colburn, 3—N. R. Shorthill, 1—Blanche W., 1—Gracchus, 12—Corradino Lanza, 3—No name, Phila., 3—Effie K. Talboys, 8—Kitty and Pussy, 1—Mattie and Bessie, 7—Ada E. M. and Gussie A. C., 1—Papa and Lily, 1—Mamma and Lydia, 1—Astley P. C., Sallie W., and Anna W. Ashhurst, 9—"Quartette," 1—"Cat and Dog," 1—Hattie and Carrie, 1—Arthur B. Lawrence, 6—Charlie R. Adams, 7—Nellie L. Howes, 11—Anna T. Buckley, 1—Hubert L. Bingham, 12—Isabel G., 9—Lizzie Hunter, 4—No name, Lansing, Iowa, 2—L. Fowler, 3—"Two Dromios," 11—Lisa D. Bloodgood, 4—Mabel and Lillie, 2—Charles L. Adams, 3—"Squire," 9—"Oleander," 1—"H. P. H. S.," 7—M. Harrell, 1—Clara and Emma, 5—Mamma and Walter, 6—Cornelia S. Campbell, 1—C. and Estelle Ions, 2—Honora Swartz, 3—Alice K. Huey, 10—F. Oppenheimer, 1—Kathie, Grace, and Annie, 2—Jennie S. Liebmann, 8—Nellie and Reggie, 11—M. D. and C. M., 9—Grace and Isabel Livingston, 8—"Infantry," 10—Ida and Alice, 11—"Charles Beaufort, 7—M. P. T., 3.

## RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A shelter. 2. Abodes. 3. Obscurity. 4. A multitude. 5. A musical composition.

DOWNWARD: 1. In hatchet. 2. An exclamation. 3. A prefix to some German names. 4. To discharge. 5. An African. 6. A warehouse. 7. Part of the foot. 8. One half a word meaning to supplicate. 9. In hatchet.

H. H. D.

## DIAMONDS.

I. 1. In hedges. 2. An African cape projecting into the Mediterranean. 3. A heavenly body. 4. Thoroughwort. 5. The home of a family. 6. Building and occupying a nest. 7. The years beginning with thirteen and ending with nineteen. 8. A game. 9. In hedges.

II. 1. In hedges. 2. To fortify. 3. To gather after a reaper. 4. A country in the northern part of Africa. 5. Salutations. 6. A small city of Brazil. 7. A simpleton. 8. A Turkish commander. 9. In hedges.

The fifth word of each of the foregoing diamonds, when read in connection, will spell what makes Thanks-giving Day most enjoyable.

F. S. F.

## COMPOUND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

I . 5 . 9 . . 13  
2 . 6 . 10 . . 14  
3 . 7 . 11 . . 15  
4 . 8 . 12 . . 16

FROM 1 to 5, a tribunal; from 2 to 6, a large bird; from 3 to 7, a useful conjunction; from 4 to 8, the human race; from 9 to 13, to acquire; from 10 to 14, tardy; from 11 to 15, a Latin prefix; from 12 to 16, epoch; from

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. From 1 to 9, Cervantes; from 10 to 20, Shakespeare. Cross-words: 1. Tripod. 2. Basket. 3. Chains. 4. Osprey. 5. Eagles. 6. Vipers.

PI. Oh, loosely swings the purpling vine,

The yellow maples flame before,

The golden-tawny ash trees stand

Hard by our cottage door;

October glows on every cheek,

October shines in every eye,

While up the hill, and down the dale,

Her crimson banners fly.

ELAINE GOODALE.

DOUBLE PRIMAL ACROSTIC. First row, Woods of Maine; second row, Autumn Leaves. Cross-words: 1. Waver. 2. Ounce. 3. Otter. 4. Dupes. 5. Smack. 6. Onset. 7. Flint. 8. Medal. 9. Aaron. 10. Ivory. 11. Nerve. 12. Essay.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Mavis. 2. Apode. 3. Vowel. 4. Ideal. 5. Sella. II. 1. Nidus. 2. Irate. 3. Dante. 4. Utter. 5. Scera. III. 1. Burst. 2. Unite. 3. Ripen. 4. Steed. 5. Tends.

1 to 13, a contract; from 2 to 14, to rival; from 3 to 15, a musical term; from 4 to 16, a command; from 1 to 4, to shine; from 9 to 12, joyful.

F. A. W.

## CHARADE.

DEEP within the cloister cell,  
Robed in brown or gray,  
There my first in quiet dwell,—  
Study, serve, or pray.  
My last is by the children worn;  
Verses, too, I've made;  
Strangest of all things beside,  
Ladies like my shade.

Tell me what my whole may be;  
Surely you've the power,  
You have often gathered me,  
I am just—a flower.

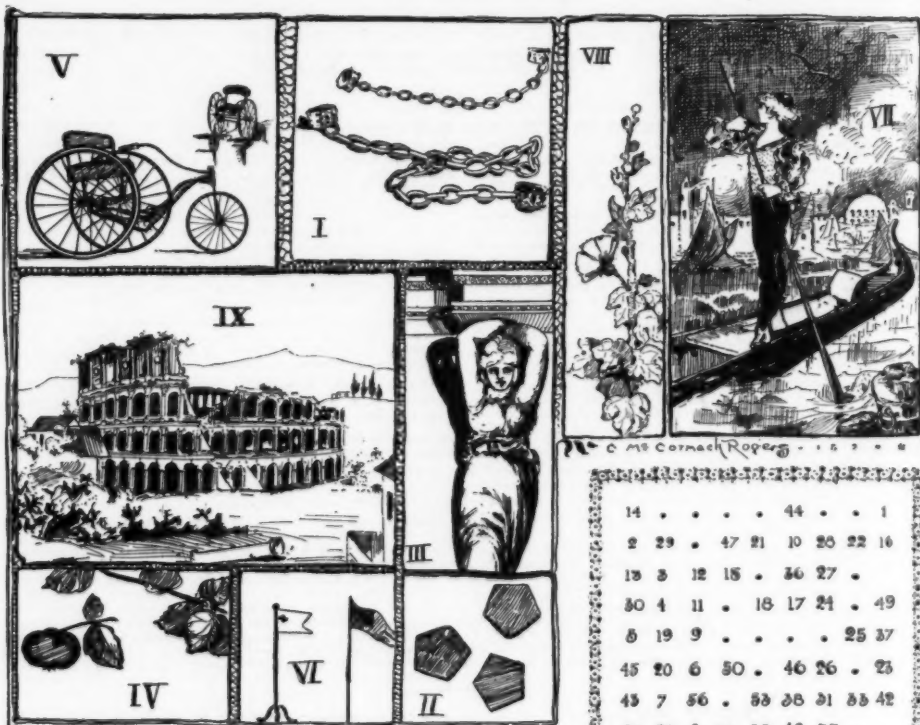
MARY D. N.

## CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE cross-words are of unequal length. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous queen.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The name by which two brothers, famous in Roman history, are called. 2. A renowned Scottish hero and patriot. 3. The name of a Russian empress. 4. A noted queen of Palmyra. 5. The owner of the famous estate of Malmesbury. 6. The Sultan of Egypt to whom Jerusalem surrendered in 1187. 7. The wife of Louis XVI. of France. 8. A name borne by many kings of Sweden. 9. The Roman Emperor during whose reign Jerusalem was conquered by Titus.

ISABEL V. M. L.

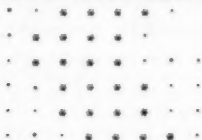


ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE.

EACH of the nine pictures in the above illustration (excepting the third) may be described by a word of nine letters. When these are rightly guessed and placed one below the other, in the order here given, the letters from 1 to 6 (as indicated in the accompanying diagram) will spell the name of a great military nation of antiquity; from 7 to 15, her form of government; from 16 to 23, from 24 to 31, and from 32 to 37, the three classes into which her citizens were divided; from 38 to 45, the name of a ruler to whom she owed much of her greatness; from 46 to 51, a powerful and very famous city that she humbled; from 52 to 56, a very wise man who was a native of that city.

C. M'C. R.

## NOVEL DOUBLE ACROSTIC.



EXAMPLE: Take a manner of walking from to assuage, and leave an article. Answer, mitigate, gait, item.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Take a member from exalted aloft, and leave utility. 2. Take a range of mountains from a summons to arms, and leave a parent. 3. Take to weary from consisting of verses, and leave unruffled. 4. Take to have a great aversion to from plumes, and leave a slave. 5. Take a heroic poem from chief, and leave an

aquatic animal. 6. Take torn asunder from models, and leave beyond.

When the six four-letter words (represented by stars) have been rightly guessed and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters will spell the name of a famous man, born in November, over four hundred years ago, whom Heine called "not only the tongue, but the sword, of his time." The third row of letters will spell the name of the saint on whose day he was born, and for whom he was named.

DYCIE.

## PI.

SAH annayo nese a stol semmur,  
Radytes, lontse, ro writhesoe nego,  
Strif sidems hewn eth sleeva fo betemspre  
Nedtru, edwosh su a forts-vanger wand?  
Dan who hes hsa hendid ni crifso  
Henbeat eht wol-lingy, grifth eslave.  
Sah nanyeo nees a slot rusemm  
Faidle thiw het dadben cron-savesch?

## WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A shrub, the leaves of which are used in making tea. 2. The American aloes. 3. Becomes dim. 4. Apparent. 5. Abodes.

II. 1. Fomentation. 2. A city of Italy. 3. Pushed. 4. A portion. 5. Concluded.

III. 1. Responsibilities. 2. Active. 3. To be matured. 4. Makes level. 5. Judgment. G. F. AND CLOVER.

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ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

REMBRANDT VAN RYN.

FROM THE PORTRAIT, BY HIMSELF, IN THE FITTI GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

(SEE PAGE 113.)